

*About Canada's*

*Black And Caribbean Women*

# Excellence

## **ETTIE DAWKINS**

There's no stopping her

## **WOMEN OF MOZAMBIQUE**

A study of struggle

## **PARENTING**

It's a fine art

## **FASHION**

This artist is a stylist

## **BEAUTY PAGEANTS**

A necessary evil?

## **ROMANTIC**

**ST. VINCENT and the  
GRENADINES**

## **STAR ON THE RISE**

Cécile Frenette's wave has not yet crested



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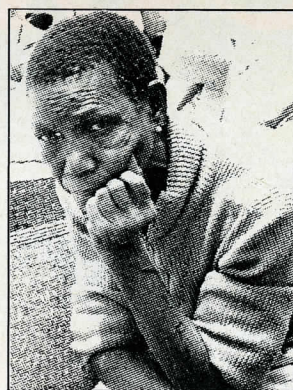
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### Star On The Rise

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not yet crested

# EDITORIAL

# INTO OUR SECOND YEAR

Excellence recently marked its first year of operation. Now we know what people mean when they say the first year is the most difficult.

Reality throws all the surveys, planning and forecasting right out the window. Not that our planning didn't help, but there were so many things we didn't expect, and couldn't plan for.

Excellence is a very expensive proposition. Of course, it could be produced much less expensively, but we would have to compromise quality. We can't do that. If we can't do our best, we short-change our readers, our community and ourselves.

We have had to ask some serious questions. Is Excellence necessary? Is there really a market for it? Do people in our community really want it? It is costing us a fortune. Is it necessary to spend all that money on something that, maybe, people don't want?

The answers to all these questions have come up: "Yes!" Excellence is necessary. We need to know, we need to understand, we need to be convinced that we are making the kind of strides and enjoying the kind of successes that Excellence addresses. It is important for us as a minority community to know that we are making it, that we are carving a space right up there with the rest of them.

Having now being reassured of the necessity of Excellence, we are determined to make it. We will succeed.

What we do have to ensure now is that we can continue to afford to produce Excellence. The best way to do this is to build up our

advertising base. But this is a slow process. Meanwhile we have to cut our costs, and at the same time, maintain the excellent quality.

As a result, Excellence will be published six (6) times a year, beginning with this, the January-February issue, hopefully, as a temporary measure. This will save us in excess of \$50,000 in 1988. In addition, it will give us more time to work on each issue. That can only help us improve the product. It may also be more attractive to advertisers who will get two months advertising instead of one for the same price.

We are very pleased at the support we have received; the calls, the caring, the offers of help. Those of you who have not yet sent in your subscriptions, please do so now. And if you have, get your friends to subscribe, or give them gift subscriptions. We need these subscriptions now more than ever, because we have to show would-be advertisers that we do have a market for their product or service. And if Excellence is to survive, and grow, we need that advertising. That is what pays the bills.

Again, thanks for all the support this past year. We are going to make you very proud in the coming year as, together, we strive for excellence.

God bless you and yours and may 1988 be an excellent year at your house.

Arnold A. Auguste  
Publisher

# Excellence

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Cover photograph  
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by John Wild

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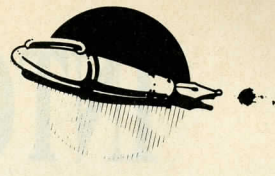


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## LETTERS



### Important Issue

Bravo to Valerie Wint-Bauer's article "Shades of Prejudice." (EXCELLENCE, July-August 1987). This article dealt with how light-skinned and dark-skinned peoples play a combant role in our White-dominated society. This timely article should have been dealt with in greater depth as it is too important an issue, and one that will deteriorate the Black community.

Wint-Bauer's article reminded me very much of an essay written by Alice Walker. She wrote of how so many male Black leaders (Marcus Garvey, Frederick Douglass, and many modern-day leaders) all chose White-looking and even White women as mates. She also wrote of how in the past (and I dare say the present) Blacks undergo a subtle programming to escape "the pain, the ridicule, the jokes, the lack of attention, respect, dates, even a job, and if you can't escape, help your children escape." To escape meant of course to become lighter in skin colouring and eventually pass for White.

More importantly, Walker wrote of how the colour differences separate light-skinned women from dark-skinned women. Walker asked that light-skinned women not cut themselves off from dark Blacks and that dark women

not see light-skinned women as an extension of White and Black male oppression.

Although I commend Wint-Bauer for bringing this issue to light, she does not begin to write as to how colour affects our thoughts, attitudes and perceptions about beauty, intelligence, worth and self-esteem. Nor does she explore the issue of Black men (dark and light skinned) pursuing the whiteness in Black women and in fact White women. The dominant society that we live in has programmed us to claw away at each other and to leave us polarized according to skin colour and class. This is a quiet issue that is constantly bubbling beneath the surface. Thank you for having the courage to print the article.

**Yvonne Tidewater.**

### Happy Anniversary Excellence

I have enjoyed reading your articles, especially the stories of successful Black Caribbean women.

I am presently working as a secretary, but my dream is to one day own a boutique.

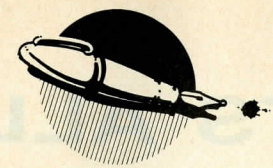
Best wishes to Excellence, a magazine which has been long overdue.

I look forward to seeing more make-overs in your future issues.

Keep up the good work.

**Joan Miller**

## LETTERS



### Worth It

While reading the article "A Day At The Spa" by Donna Holgate (EXCELLENCE, June, 1987), I wished I was Gloria Reuben enjoying such luxury.

I have often read articles in other popular magazines about spas in Toronto where women can go to to get the whole body (literally from head to toe) treated. Some of their prices I thought were outrageous but after thinking more seriously about the importance of total body care, I felt "I am worth it." So last Saturday morning I felt I needed a treat and went to Jean Pierre's Aesthetic Salon. I thought I would try only a facial and maybe a pedicure (which I've never had).

Jean began with my feet and as her assistant, Andrea, continued there, she started my facial. She explained everything she was doing step-by-step. I thoroughly enjoyed every moment. I learned a lot about Black skin, Black skin care, makeup, and my own skin. Jean gained my confidence because she is loaded with knowledge and explained everything so I could easily understand.

I spent approximately 3 hrs. at the salon and now I realize I should have done this sooner. My skin is not in good condition due to using the wrong

products; products on the market that say they are recommended for Black skin but are doing almost an injustice to our skin.

I wrote this letter to encourage other Black women to consider more seriously the importance of proper skin care. Jean said the quality of Black skin is the "ultimate" in skin but we need to learn how to take care of it.

I had an intriguing and relaxing afternoon. I found her fees reasonable and have booked my second appointment. Now I know that I'm not only worth it but also NEED it.

You might too.

**Andrea Parris**

### Sincere Thanks

I would like to extend my sincere thanks and appreciation for the recent article in Excellence about me (EXCELLENCE, September, 1987).

What a pleasure my kids had reading it. I also liked your caption, "Vision and Balance."

Thanks again and keep up the good work.

**Penelope Wishart**

*We invite your comments.  
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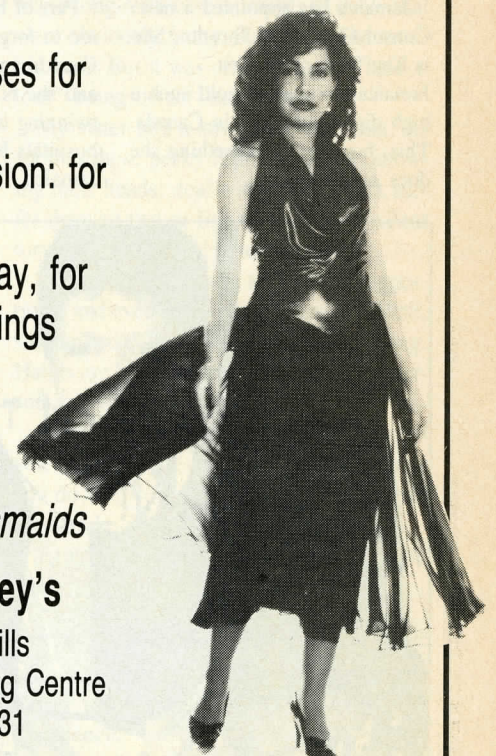
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## APPOINTMENTS ALL AROUND

### CHANCE FOR EMPLOYMENT

Unemployed single mothers in the Regent Park area in Toronto who are determined to get off social benefits are being given the opportunity to get jobs.

The chance for employment is being provided through the

Secretarial Training Employment program (STEP) and is being coordinated out of the Dixon Hall Neighbourhood Social and Family Service Centre.

Graduates of the program get jobs as administrative assistants, secretaries, typists and data entry clerks.

Program co-ordinators stress that all of the graduates who want jobs do get them.

### NEW CONSUL GENERAL FOR JAMAICA

Jamaica has appointed a new Consul General in Toronto. She is Kay Baxter, the first Jamaican woman to hold such a high diplomatic post in Canada. This, however, is something she does not dwell on.

She describes herself as being "very positive about everything" and aggressive when doing her job.

"There is nothing that I can't achieve," says Baxter. "I don't get bogged down."

Part of her responsibilities are to forge closer ties between Canada and Jamaica. To this end she is responsible for the twinning of schools and hospitals between Ontario and Jamaica.



### NEW JUDGE

Pamela Appelt (recently featured in Excellence) was among five citizenship court judges recently sworn in by Prime Minister Brian Mulroney.

Appelt, who is originally from Jamaica, is a tireless community worker and has chaired the Harry Jerome awards committee for several years.

After the swearing-in ceremony, Appelt said she felt honoured to receive the appointment. Noting that Canadian citizenship is the highest honour one can obtain, she said she would "hold dear" the opportunity to administer the oath to new Canadians.



The three-year appointment will involve interviewing candidates for citizenship and presiding at citizenship courts.

### AWARD

Twelve years after her death, a dedicated community worker has been honoured with an award in her name. The first annual Kay Livingstone award was presented to Jean Augustine by the Congress of Black Women of Canada.

Kay (Jenkins) Livingstone was born, and grew up, in the Chatham-London area where her family had settled early in the 19th century. She attended the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto where she excelled in drama and speech, and also the Ontario College of Music in Ottawa. She later hosted her own radio show at CBC, CKEY and CPFL in London, Ontario.

Jean Augustine has received a number of awards and appointments including the 1987 YWCA's Woman of Distinction

Award and Metro Separate School Board's Outstanding Award for Contribution in Education and Community work in 1987.

### APPOINTMENT

The new Consul General for Barbados in Toronto is Lolita Applewhaite, a career foreign service officer.

She will be responsible for looking after the interests of Barbadians and Barbados within the consular jurisdiction.

The consulate issues passports and visas, promotes trade, tourism and investment.

Applewhaite has worked for the Barbados government in various capacities, including permanent secretary and as a department head. She has also worked for the ministries of tourism and industry, environment, health and foreign affairs.

## THOSE NASTY LITTLE HABITS

*Change them, live with them or leave them*



By Maureen Roach-Brown

Selena leaned across the table conspiratorially and dropped what she thought (correctly) would be a bombshell. "To tell you the truth, sometimes I just feel like leaving him," she confided about her husband of two years.

I guess in an age of sometimes fluid marital states, I should not have been shocked. But I was. Was it because their meeting-dating-marrying had been so storybook perfect? Or was it because only a short while earlier I had seen them, arms linked and for all the world, the epitome of marital bliss?

Selena summarized her anger against her husband in one word: habits. Those little (or not so little) personality traits that prior to marriage she was quite content to live with, but now, in the light of a lover's expectations, had acquired the nasty designation of "Bad Habits."

Could I suggest a way for her to deal with them? Selena wondered. Should she try to change him? To sandpaper off those rough edges? Should she threaten him? Leave him?

I found Selena's quandary intriguing. But even more intriguing was the nagging question in the back of my mind: Was he always like this? Was he this way before they were married? Or did he change? I decided to ask other friends about their experiences with their mates' less desirable habits.

There was usually little hesitation in their response. He leaves things lying around. He somehow always forgets to phone home to say he will be three hours late. Often when he does, he shows up six hours later. He doesn't pay enough attention to her. The Big One: "I know he loves me," one girlfriend lamented. "I just wish he would show me more." He criticizes everything I wear, often imposing his somewhat dubious fashion values on me. This list went on and on.

I wondered aloud to one woman, if the solution some lovers see in living together before marriage helped in these situations. She laughs. She had known her mate for several years before they lived together and for some time before marrying. They broke up two years later. "It doesn't matter how long you know each other," she said. "People change and you can never tell what is coming next. You just have to deal with these habits as they come up."

But some of the most interesting experiences were those of women who admitted that if they had cleared the stardust out of their eyes earlier, even before they married, they would have seen their mate's predisposition to be lazy or sloppy or critical or whatever. Their inability to see these early warning signs seemed to have been based on a version of the old adage, "Love is blind,"

to which someone has responded "Yes, but marriage is a wonderful eye-opener."

The way some of these women talked, one wondered if it was as much a case of blindness, or was it a case of refusal to see. The near-hysteria that sometimes rages about 'man shortage' has led many women to do the equivalent of what apartment hunters are forced to do these days - eagerly grab the expensive, sometimes pest-ridden dumps that a year ago they would not even have looked at. Others were like some home buyers in the housing boom last year: They made long-term commitments to deals that were obviously faulty, that spelt clear trouble later. But it was often a case of 'half-a-loaf' being better than none.

My sister had a strong view on this. As soon as those pesky little habits start showing their heads, deal with them. Don't suffer through two or five or 10 years of silent torture, then Boom! The Big One.

But what if he refuses to heed my suggestions, and even warnings? I asked her. Well, she replied calmly, you should keep trying. Habits are hard to break, even when the person is willing to change.

And if he is unwilling? Then decide what you are or are not willing to live with. Once you do that, long before that final commitment, take your things and "walk".

I agreed. It could save a lot of heartache later.

Maureen Roach-Brown is a freelance writer and regular contributor to Excellence.



## A STRUGGLE FOR SELF

*One woman, two countries, same problems*

By Jennifer Amoah



In every culture the oral tradition has played a major role in socializing young people into the folkways and mores of their society. Unthinkingly, we repeat adages which our grandparents recited to our parents, our parents to us, and we in turn to our children. Unfortunately, it is not until many of us reach adulthood that we realize that many of our inherited "truisms" are indeed falsehoods; some often dangerous and wicked.

Adah Olifi, the heroine in Buchi Emecheta's British prize-winning novel, *Adah's Story* (London: Allison & Busby, 1983) had many of her cultural proverbs and truisms painfully exorcised by the realities of being born a girl into Ibo society when everyone was expecting a boy, being married within the context of that culture, being a mother, and last of all her bitter experience of immigrating to England.

Blessed from her childhood with an unflinching personality, Adah ran away to go to school when her parents did not think it necessary.

So bent was she on getting an education that "the thought of her having to leave school at the end of the year worried her so much that she lost weight. She acquired a pathetically anxious look; the type some insane people have,

with eyes as blank as contact lenses."

Adah got her wish. She got to stay in school because the prospect of getting a higher bride price for an educated girl was too good for her family to pass up.

Her ambition remained intense, so much so that Adah married Francis as a means of securing her dream of going to England to study. This meant supporting herself all the way, paying her husband's passage to precede her, buying her mother-in-law streams of presents and paying the school fees for some of Francis' seven sisters. This was the cost of her dream, although Francis could not afford to pay the "bride price" asked by her family.

Adah, now orphaned, had no alternative. In her culture young women did not live on their own, unless they didn't mind being thought of as prostitutes. And without a home, she could not qualify for university matriculation examinations. She had to find some means of belonging to her husband's family.

Those means were her big pay packet from the American Consulate and her willingness to be owned by her husband and his parents.

The story which was originally published under two separate titles, *Second Class Citizen* and *In the Ditch*, is somewhat autobiographical of Emecheta's own life. She too went to England in 1962 from Nigeria and had five children.

In the story, Francis adapted to the role expectations of "second class citizen" in England whereas Adah refused to do so. However she found herself "in the ditch" when she left Francis and was forced to give up her job at the British Museum and accept social assistance for her five children and herself.

The story elicits from the reader the type of rage that wants to see all abusive mothers-in-law and exploiting husbands have their just desserts. Then, of course, when the anger subsides the reader looks for the root causes of Adah's suffering.

The most shocking (but unrecognized) reason is plain and simple ignorance. The fact that a man who has received the best education his country could offer and who is enrolled in accountancy could disown his children in an English court and go to the extent of burning their passports, shows gross, culpable ignorance.

The so-called educated elite of many former colonies who would resort to psychological and physical abuse of women, children and poorer men in order to boost their own sense of power, are victims of a colonial education which basically did not humanize, but kept them ignorant of what was really important in life. Adah's parasitical husband not only battered her but also burned the manuscript of her first novel on the grounds that his family would not appreciate a daughter-in-law who wrote personal stories.

Added to her problems at home, instead of the almost mythical paradise Adah had dreamt of as a child, she found in England unmitigating prejudice from Whites and Blacks alike. The divide and rule principle was in vogue everywhere. On the one hand when it was the custom for Africans in England to foster out their children during the week because of poor living conditions, Adah was determined to keep hers. This daring stance solicited envious resistance and provocation from her childless landlady. On the other hand there was the pressure from other Blacks:

Thinking about her first year in

Britain, Adah could not help wondering whether the real discrimination, if one could call it that, that she experienced was not more the work of her fellow countrymen than that of the Whites. Maybe if the Blacks could learn to live harmoniously with one another, maybe if a West Indian landlord could learn not to look down on the African, and the African learn to boast less of his country's natural wealth, there would be fewer inferiority feelings among Blacks.

More than being just an informative source of Ibo life and customs, this is a story of courage and motherhood. While many mothers would complain about being immobilized by their children, here is a mother of five children under five who is mobilized because of her children. It is a story about love, ambition and putting priorities in place.

The Ibo cultural concept of motherworker works to Adah's benefit. The Ibo saying that "a woman who has many sons reaches the rank of man" is one of those sayings with which Adah would not poison her children's mind. After all, what really was the rank of their father who rejected them?

In spite of his "rank" in society, he shared the same views with his illiterate and innumerate womenfolk - that women who used any method of birth control were prostitutes; that women are possessions and work-horses; that children belong solely to their mothers as far as responsibility was concerned.

Adah's children would be socialized into the only rank that matters, that of sensitive, reasoning human beings.

Jennifer Amoah is a school librarian in Mississauga

## FINE ART OF PARENTING

Learning to communicate with your child

By DR. JEFFERY DEREVENSKY

FOR MOST ADULTS, PARENTING IS one of the most difficult and trying tasks we encounter. Parenting in the 1980s has become even more complex. Not only are we concerned with our children's emotional, psychological and educational development but our concerns are also directed toward their safety, nutritional and physical needs. We all want to raise healthy, happy, intelligent children.

Parents realize very early that their children are quite capable of making their wishes and desires known well before language develops. Communication may be verbal or nonverbal, but it transmits information and expresses a child's intentions, attitudes and feelings.

As parents, it is important to remember the tremendous impact our directives have on children. I recall a nine-year-old child telling me how "stupid" he was. When asked why, he responded: "My friends call me stupid all the time but when my mom or dad call me stupid - I must be stupid because they ought to know." Many times, under pressure, we will often say things we don't really mean when we reprimand our children.

What are some guidelines for effective communication? One is to actively listen to what your child is saying - try to understand your child's perspective. He may not be asking you to agree with him but would like you just to understand his concerns. Also remember that children have feelings, too. It is not good enough to simply say to your child: "Don't worry about it, you'll get over it." A child's feelings and emotions are real. Like adults, children will, at times, feel hurt, lonely, happy, sad or dejected.

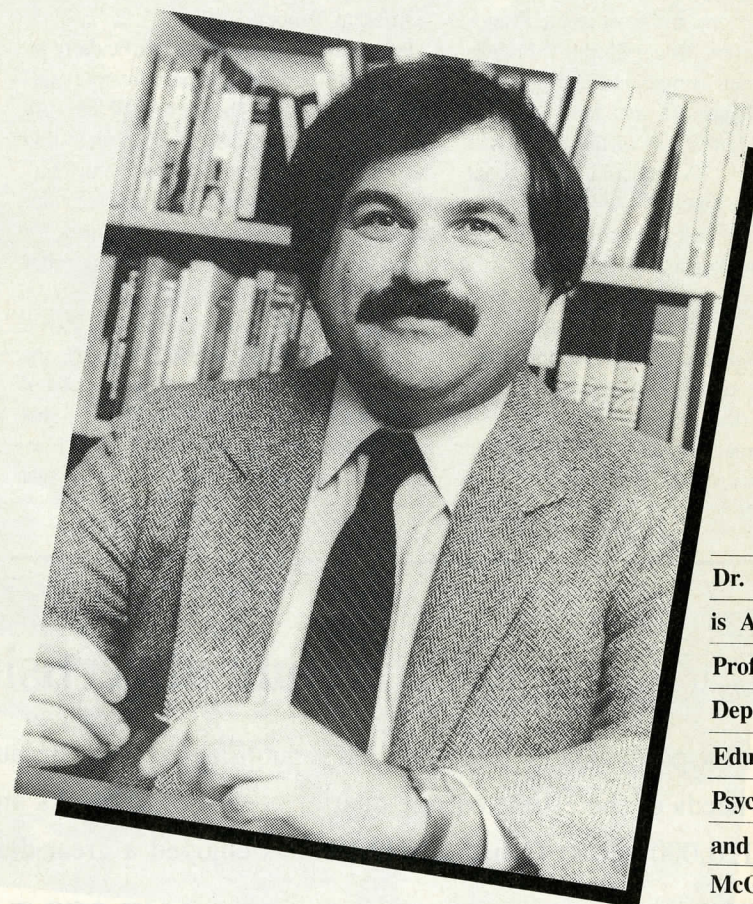
Another good communications technique is to ask children to repeat what was said to them. One child, who had been sent to his room as punishment for hitting his sister, came out and begged his mother to forgive him. He pleaded: "Please, I promise I won't do it again. Give me one more chance."

When his mother asked him what he had done wrong, he didn't know. Why did the child respond as he did? Most probably because his use of that pleading allowed him to leave his room in the past. However, the punishment obviously had little effect since he was unaware of his inappropriate behaviour. Parents must explain to children, in their words, why they are being punished.

Praise children for being considerate, kind, hard-working and for success. It is important that children realize they will receive praise and compliments as well as scolding

and punishment. Lastly, don't criticize and attack your child's personality when he does something which may not please you. Instead, tell him that a particular act or behaviour is not appropriate. "I don't like the mess in your room" replaces "You are a messy, disorganized person."

Take time to listen to adults and children as they communicate with each other. Some things are complimentary, many are not. Successful communication will result in a healthy parent-child relationship and happy, emotionally-confident children. ■



Dr. Derevensky  
is Associate  
Professor,  
Department of  
Educational  
Psychology  
and Counselling,  
McGill  
University.



## THE ARTS

### DOCUMENTARIES FOR THIS DIRECTOR

Buxton, Ontario was once "home" to thousands of Black slaves fleeing America during the 18th century. Later, the town would become an important Black settlement. Today, this small western Ontario town is a mere shadow of its former self.

Still, for the past 63 years, Buxton's townsfolk play host to its annual "homecoming." It's their own Labour Day Weekend tradition. Each year, family and friends, who once called Buxton "home" gather for a reunion. Some have come from as faraway as California. Others, arrive from nearby Detroit.

Claire Prieto isn't a Buxtonian. But for three years running, she's showed up at the Buxton "homecoming." The Toronto filmmaker first attended the gathering in September 1985. It's been a yearly ritual ever since.

What's resulted from those visits is: "Home To Buxton," the most recent Prieto-McTair Production. Roger McTair is Prieto's business partner, companion and father to the couple's 7-year-old son, Ian.

Prieto says Ian is part of the reason she made the film. "Kids should know about Black Canadian history," she says. Another reason, probably just as important is the effect those trips to Buxton had on the filmmaker. "The place feels like home to me," she explains. "It's a warm, loving kind of community. And even though, so much occurred there so many years ago, it's still important to a lot of people."

When "Home to Buxton" opened it would have taken nearly two years to get from

"idea" to finished print. Prieto says this isn't unusual with most independent film projects. Since the story itself isn't event-oriented, production time wasn't crucial. As it stands, the film has been released as a historical documentary. The plain truth is, this Prieto-McTair Production was fraught with the usual difficulties faced by most independent filmmakers.

"It's horrendously difficult and sometimes very scary," confides Prieto. Nevertheless, the pair have been plugging away at this scary business for a decade. Between them are five major films including: "Not An Illness" (1980), "Home Feelings" (1983), and now "Home to Buxton," which incidentally marks Prieto's directing debut.

"Ten years ago," she chuckles, "we were lucky to be able to pay the crew." For the Buxton film however, they raised \$100,000. That's 20 times the budget for their 1981 film "Different Timbers."

Prieto says filmmaking and particularly independent filmmaking is part creative exercise, part business. There's a lot of leg work involved," she explains. "You've got to find out who has money to invest or contribute. Then you have to go after them and convince them to give it to you." Prieto's knack for doing this has obviously been getting better over the past few years.

In the case of "Home to Buxton," Prieto obviously did the leg work. Normally, she handles the research and fundraising end of the business. She not only "lucked in" this time around. But she was able to raise one-quarter of the film's budget from private

sources. The rest has come from government agencies, arts groups and community organizations like the Jamaican Canadian Association (JCA).

Prieto says she is especially pleased that the JCA has agreed to endorse the film. This will mean at least some "guaranteed" screenings through the agency's many community forums. In reality, both Prieto and McTair know that nothing beats widespread distribution. Settling for a mere fraction of a huge potential audience isn't only dumb, it's deadly. There's nothing very funny about one's precious film gathering dust on a distributor's shelf. As an independent, Claire Prieto understands the power of a well planned and well-executed distribution strategy. It's the difference between television exposure, film festival screenings and nothing.

These days Prieto is happy to have tied up one project and moved on to another. She has flown out to Halifax several times in the past few months to tackle her second directing assignment. It's a National Film Board production and another historical documentary, this time on Black women in Nova Scotia. Says Prieto: "If I thought about how difficult what I'm doing is in terms of making a living, I'd never do it. The fact is, I make documentaries because they have to be made."

Leila Heath is a freelance writer.

By Leila Heath



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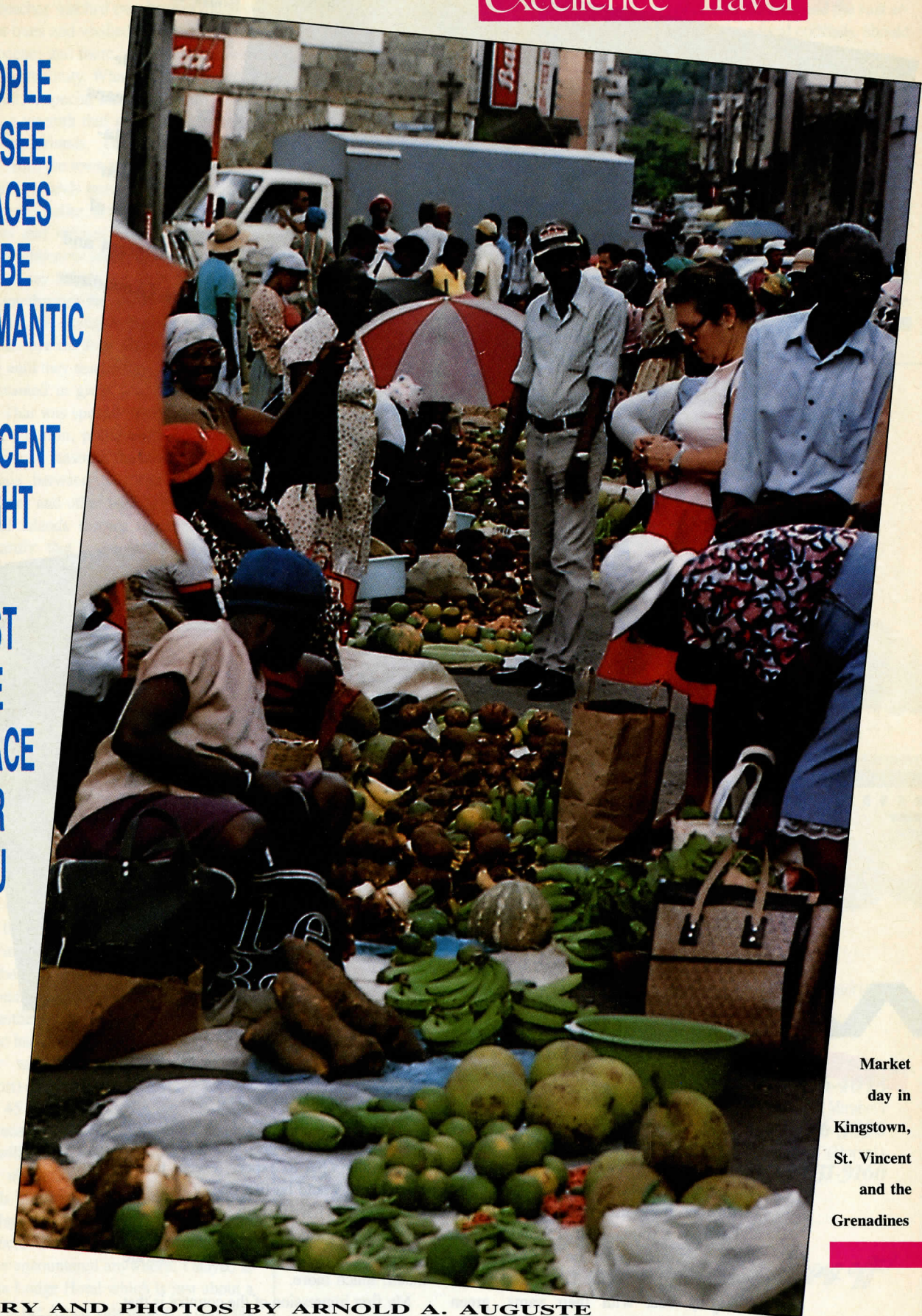
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STORY AND PHOTOS BY ARNOLD A. AUGUSTE



Boats of various shapes and sizes, provide the main means of transportation between the islands of St. Vincent and the Grenadines



Kingstown's Botanical Garden, picture perfect as the rest of the country



My first recollection of St. Vincent, as a child growing up in Trinidad, is of a little yellow box containing a floury powder called Arrowroot. My Barbadian grandmother and my Grenadian mother always kept a stock in the house. It, I was told, came from the island of St. Vincent, and of course, written right there on the box, was St. Vincent Arrowroot. It was used for all sorts of things.

Later, as a young adult, I found out that the best ground provision and vegetables came from St. Vincent. The traders would come by boat with their yams, green

bananas, giant plantains and other fresh, delicious foods. The name of the island always had a great reputation where food, and Arrowroot, were concerned.

When, for the first time, I visited St. Vincent and the Grenadines recently, I didn't quite know what to expect, except that it most likely would be like one of the other small islands I have visited; nice and friendly, good beaches, easy going and so on.

Wrong. St. Vincent and the Grenadines are much, much more.

My first impression of the country is that

it is one of the most romantic places I've ever seen. It is peaceful and quiet; there are the lovely beaches watched over by ever diligent coconut trees and washed constantly by the lively ocean; and there is the gentleness of a small community. What got to me though, were first, a special kind of warmth of the people, a warmth that made me feel I was among my friends. The greetings on the streets, from the town to the villages and in the smaller islands were the same. And they were not the polite, courteous greetings for strangers and visitors either, but rather a casual neighbourly greeting by people who wanted to say hello.

Walking through the streets of the capital, Kingstown, for example, people would look you in the eye on their approach and keep looking until they reached you as though they really wanted to greet you. That was different. That was special. The children also are still children, polite and respectful.

The second reason is the most remarkable difference between St. Vincent and the Grenadines and other islands - the number of small islands thrown together, almost haphazardly, that make up the country.

You can stand on one island, for example, and look out on another and watch the many small boats go back and forth. It gave one a feeling of separateness without a feeling of total isolation. I also love to watch small boats sailing back and forth on the ocean, what else can I say. As a boy, I used to stand for hours on the beach near the yacht club watching others enjoy our natural, God blessed paradise and thinking that I may never have those kinds of opportunities. Now I know that we can. Times have indeed changed. I guess that is what made it more enjoyable. I found out for myself also the joy and thrill of sailing or whisking across the choppy waters in a small speed boat and the feeling that I did, indeed, belong here too.

St. Vincent and the Grenadines is a little off the beaten track. It does not have an international airport, so you have to go to Barbados, either by BWIA or Air Canada (Wardair also has charters to Barbados) and then transfer to LIAT (Leeward Island Air Transport) or Air Martinique for the approximately 45 minutes to St. Vincent. There are also plans to transfer through St. Lucia which will cut the travelling time to St. Vincent by about 20 minutes.

Hotels are small. No high rise buildings here. Maybe that's why there is such a family atmosphere. The staff, too, are just about the best I've encountered anywhere. I stayed at the Villa Lodge Hotel which is just about a mile from the Arnos Vale airport. I can't say

enough about the service and friendliness at Villa Lodge. Other hotels I visited and feel comfortable in recommending are the Grand View (it does have a spectacular view), the Indian Bay Beach Hotel and the Young Island Beach Resort, which is a little higher in price, but what a place. Situated on Young Island, just a few hundred yards from the mainland of St. Vincent (about five minutes by launch) it is made up of a number of cottages nestled discreetly between the wealth of a tropical garden, complete with giant tropical trees and offering seclusion and tranquility with modern conveniences.

Across the short span of water, back on the mainland, there is the French Restaurant, a must even for one meal. The service, the

energy, the ambience, the vivacity, together with the professionalism of management and staff, and of course the food and the vast array of specially mixed local cocktails, should not be missed.

The Caribbean is truly a beautiful place to holiday, and with all things considered, not too expensive. St. Vincent and the Grenadines is one country I have no reservations about recommending.

For more information on St. Vincent and the Grenadines, you can contact their tourism office in Toronto at 100 University Ave., Suite 504 or by calling (416) 971-9666 or 971-9667. However, your travel agent will make all the arrangements. You do deserve it, you know.

## Christmas Special To The Islands

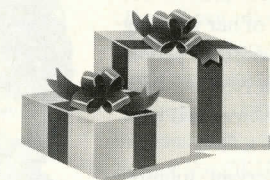


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## BEVERLEY JOHNSON

### A people person

FOR THE 15 YEARS THAT SHE HAS LIVED IN CANADA, BEVERLEY JOHNSON HAS FILLED HER LIFE WITH WORK DEVOTED TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF HER COMMUNITY. UNLIKE MANY OTHER PEOPLE INVOLVED WITH THE COMMUNITY, JOHNSON'S SALARIED WORK AS WELL AS HER VOLUNTEER WORK HAVE THE COMMUNITY AT HEART.

Currently, Johnson is on secondment from the Ontario Human Rights Commission to the Ontario Public Service Employees' Union (OPSEU) where she is working on the Race Relations Committee. An Active member of OPSEU, Johnson is steward of her local.

In November 1986, when OPSEU established an internal Race Relations Committee, she became vice chairperson. Now she is acting chairperson and her mandate includes examining a special census done by the provincial government last June. By studying the census, the union will have a better idea of where, throughout the provincial government, racial and ethnic minority groups are situated. The union would then be in a good position to be able to develop a race relations policy, and to address problems which may arise in the workplace between union members and management, between members, or between the union and members.

Beverley Johnson has worked in the fields of race relations and multiculturalism for several years. In fact, much of her working life has been, in her words, "people oriented." In Jamaica between 1965 and 1973, she worked as a child care officer and later as a personnel officer.

Here in Toronto as a civil servant, Johnson became an active member of OPSEU. She is on the Health and Welfare Committee at the Ministry of Labour. This is a joint union-management committee set up to assist employees experiencing problems that affect their work, such as substance abuse, marital difficulties, or financial hardships. Johnson

is on the policy subcommittee, that is responsible for the training and equipping of the referral subcommittee. It is also responsible for identifying and dealing with potential on-the-job problems such as relocation of personnel, or the introduction of new technology - problems that could seriously upset the productivity of an employee.

Outside her union work, Johnson is an integral part of the Coalition of Visible Minority Women and the Metropolitan Toronto chapter of the Congress of Black Women. Both organizations grew out of a conference in 1983 on Visible Minority Women and Employment, sponsored by the Ministry of Labour through the Race Relations division of the Human Rights Commission, and the Women's Bureau. Through their involvement in the conference, women from different ethnic and cultural backgrounds come to understand the common threads that run

through their lives, and found that they were raising much the same questions, regardless of origin. Currently both the Congress and the Coalition are working on a number of similar issues.

"What distinguishes these groups," says Johnson, "is that they remain concerned about the problems facing working class women." And given her Ministry of Labour and union background, it is understandable that Johnson should have this concern herself.

Beverley Johnson has also been chairperson of the Caribana Board. This is a voluntary organization with a 15-member board, that administers Toronto's huge annual Caribana Festival in July and August. The Festival has grown over the years to become one of the main summer attractions in Toronto, with busloads of tourists arriving each year to participate. Some say that Caribana could become North America's top summer festival, topping even New Orleans's Dixieland Jazz Festival.

Running the show has become such an immense task, what with all the different components band leaders, calysonians, tourists, and others that a planning committee has been established to evaluate the basic structure. Recently organisers made a presentation to the Toronto City Council, asking for financial help to cover costs, to employ a full time staff all year round, and to acquire adequate office space. Similar presentations are being made to the federal and provincial governments. "We need to be visible throughout the year, not just in July." This year they spread their wings somewhat by sponsoring the Cumbayah Festival, thus beginning to broaden their base of activities. "Eventually we would like to work towards having a cultural centre, with cultural exhibits. It's time for the organization to change. It has the potential to be economically viable and to support other kinds of activities," points out Johnson. Such activities

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## LORRAINE HUBBARD

### Recording our history

MANY OF US WONDER WHERE WE COME FROM. WHO WERE OUR ANCESTORS? WHAT WERE THEY LIKE? FOR SOME OF US, ARTHUR HALEY'S ROOTS WAS THE SPARK THAT STARTED THE QUESTION FLOWING.

The problem is that the system of slavery that brought our forebears to North America, is a system that does not easily yield up its secrets. This is particularly so for the African element in the system.

Lorraine Hubbard was bitten by the bug early in her life, but she wanted to know more about the history of Blacks in Canada, not just about her own family's history. Her wider desire was no doubt brought about in part because she already knew a little about her family. She knew, for example that the Hubbards and the Abbotts (her father's grandparents' families) had come to Canada from slavery in the United States. She knew that great-grandfather William Hubbard was the Toronto-born son of freed slaves from Virginia. She knew that as Toronto's first Black politician, he was elected to City Council in 1894 and served for a total of 15 years, frequently as senior controller and as acting mayor. She knew too, that great-grandfather Anderson Ruffin Abbott was the first Black medical school graduate in Toronto.

With such illustrious antecedents, Lorraine Hubbard began her quest for knowledge, and thus nursing one of her "secret passions" from the days when she was still in high school.

After university (University of Toronto, sociology, 1976) Hubbard renewed her childhood acquaintance with Dr. Daniel Hill, who was the first chairman of the Ontario Human Rights Commission, and who is now Ontario's ombudsman. Hill had been doing historical research for many years and wanted to write a book on the history of Blacks in Ontario. Hubbard began to work with Hill as a researcher, first on a series

of articles on various prominent Blacks, including her great-grandfathers, then on full-time research for the book. Published in 1981, it is entitled *Freedom Seekers*.

Hubbard continued to work with Hill on interhuman relations and human rights issues. She assisted in the development of training programs for Native courtworkers, community programs for Native youths, and human rights workshops.

In 1978, she was one of the six founding members of the Ontario Black History Society (OBHS), an idea which originated with Dr. Dan Hill. She served as executive director from 1980-85. Also involved with the Multicultural History Society of Ontario, Hubbard was consultant on ethnocultural history on various research projects and private historical collections.

Hubbard resigned as executive director of OBHS two years ago, not because her passion is any less, but because she felt that it was time for a change and for new blood in

the society. "It's important for other leaders to come forward and be active," she maintains. Hubbard felt she could be more helpful at the planning level, so today she sits on the executive and fundraising committees. This coming year will be a big one in the life of the society, as it will be celebrating its 10th anniversary in 1988.

Hubbard's commitment to history extends beyond the Black community. She chairs the Toronto Historical Board's Community Advisory Committee. This committee advises the Toronto Historical Board on all aspects of programs that deal with Toronto's multicultural communities to ensure that the multicultural presence is reflected in these programs.

Last year Hubbard was appointed by Ontario's premier as a director for the Ontario Heritage Foundation. She sits on the foundation's Historical Committee, which provides grants for groups doing heritage research, writing and publication.

Born in Toronto 33 years ago, Lorraine Hubbard grew up in the High Park area of the city. This was a largely Ukrainian and Polish neighbourhood -- there were only two other Blacks at the high school. Despite this, and despite the fact that most people thought she was White due to her light skin and wavy hair, Hubbard says that she always had a strong Black identity. For half her family is Black. They are very "rooted," and are very close. They often travel to the U.S. to visit family members who had emigrated there for work or education.

Her light skin has raised a few eyebrows in connection with her work in Black history. Part of the OBHS's outreach program is to talk to school and community groups. More than once Hubbard had heard whispers going round: "Who is this White woman coming to tell us about Black history?" She says that she usually has to make a statement to explain who she is, and that students are

*continued on page 42*





# CLAIRE SMITH-VICTOR

Knows where she is going

CURIOSITY AND A GREAT DESIRE TO UNDERSTAND MORE ABOUT THE PEOPLE OF THIS WORLD, ARE THE HALLMARKS OF THE ENERGETIC CLAIRE SMITH-VICTOR.

Born in Guyana, Smith-Victor came to Canada out of curiosity 17 years ago, a time when many Guyanese were emigrating. She had gone to New York to visit her parents, did not like the city, heard about Toronto, and decided to check it out. She liked what she saw and decided to stay.

After working for a few years with CNCP, she entered the University of Windsor and graduated with two degrees - a B.A. in sociology and psychology, and a B.Ed. with majors in sociology and educational counselling. In 1981, Smith-Victor earned her M.Ed from the University of Ottawa.

A year later, her curiosity got the better of her. Taking her young daughter, Megan, with her, she went to live in northern Nigeria. It was no mere whim that took her there, however. Her sister is married to a Nigerian, and Smith-Victor herself had met West Africans at university. Having observed them in the North American environment, she was curious about what they were like in their home environment.

She lived in Nigeria for four years, lecturing in counselling at the Kaduna Polytechnic in the north of the country. Her students were both blind and sighted education students who would eventually become counsellors themselves.

Living and working in Nigeria provided an opportunity to learn more about the various people of the country. Smith-Victor lived among the Hausa people who are Islamic, and whose attitude to women and the roles their women play are prescribed by their religion. The Yoruba and Ibo people of the south have different traditions. Throughout the country polygamy thrives side-by-side with monogamy, and one can see an effort to simultaneously embrace modern thinking and technology while maintaining traditional customs.

The Nigerian experience was important to Smith-Victor's personal growth. Because it was so different from what she had known before, it afforded the opportunity for in-

trospection and self-examination. She has little patience for people who feel they know a country and its people after a visit of one or two weeks. She feels that in order to understand the totality of a culture, one must live there, working and playing with the people.

Back in Canada in mid-1986 at the end of her contract, Smith-Victor went to work with the George Brown Community College. She is a career counsellor working under the Ontario Basic Skills Program. Through this program, the Ontario government is trying to reach dropouts and low achievers, by offering a 16-week upgrading course in mathematics, English and science to the grade 12 level. In addition to the counselling, Smith-Victor does, she teaches computer literacy and gives young women an introduction to non-traditional jobs. When they finish the 16-week course, they then have more options open to them.

When Claire Smith-Victor returned to Canada she was quite clear in her mind as to the kind of job she wanted - she wanted to do counselling, and nothing else. "That's the work I love doing," she says. "I would have gone right back to Nigeria if I hadn't found what I wanted."



Having been back for just barely a year, Smith-Victor has not settled into any specific community work, but she is looking for something to become involved with. She began working with UNICEF on a committee which produces an information kit for teachers with pictures and stories about Third World children.

She has also held workshops with and for immigrant women on such topics as Black men-Black women and the dating dilemma; aggression vs. assertion; and West Indian parents raising children in the Canadian society.

While in Nigeria, she was a member of several community organizations, including the International Women's Club. The club raised and donated money to a women's centre in Zaria town in northern Nigeria. The centre houses women who have had sexual relations at too young an age (eight and 10 in some cases) resulting in serious physical problems. According to Smith-Victor, their reproductive organs are severely damaged and their uterus "hangs down." These young women become rejects from society, but through the centre they are able to maintain a certain measure of dignity.

One of the most striking aspects of Claire Smith-Victor is her energy. She overflows with positive energy. She smiles easily. Her outlook on life is positive and open to new thoughts and ideas, and she believes in surrounding herself with similarly positive people. "I try my best to be at peace within myself," she says. "I don't like to be around people who have a vexed spirit." Such people, she maintains, are full of fear of the unknown, full of fear of death. But she feels that if one can achieve inner peace, one need no longer fear death.

Smith-Victor also believes in seizing opportunities and taking risks, both emotional and physical risks. But she points out that when one takes a risk one has to be mentally prepared to take the consequences, whether they be positive or negative.

Claire Smith-Victor is in the process of writing a book about her experiences in Nigeria. She lives with her daughter Megan in downtown Toronto. ■

# THE WOMEN OF MOZAMBIQUE

A study of struggle

BY LOIS BROWN

If there is an image that illustrates the reality for Mozambican women today, it is the one you see in photographs of peasant women who have crossed the path of the South African-backed "bandits" of Mozambique.

A woman looks into the camera, her face turned to one side, to show the stump where the ear has been severed. This is the most horrific of the threats Mozambicans face, most of them on a daily basis. They also have to contend with famine caused by drought, with a scarcity of clothing, medicines and schooling for their children, and the increasing certainty that the high expectations they had at independence must be set aside.

There are over six million women who live in the rural areas of Mozambique in the traditional way, with responsibilities for children, home and food production that have them up at dawn and working until well after dark. Where water is scarce or firewood has been depleted, a woman may have to walk for a day to bring water or wood back home.

Some women have tried to escape such an arduous life by moving into an urban or semi-urban setting where goods are more available and paid labour is a possibility.

A tiny minority of women - less than one per cent - live a very urbanized life, superficially very similar to that of western women. They take seriously the FRELIMO Party exhortations to improve their education for the good of the country, and to play a role in local, provincial or even national affairs. But they also continue to accept domestic responsibilities and usually work full-time in the paid work force. It creates a burdensome workload.

I was once asked to interview a woman who was acting director of a metal-working

factory in the capital of Maputo. She matter-of-factly described a daunting number of routine problems at the factory - the lack of raw materials, absenteeism among dispirited workers who spent work time searching for food in the small shops or on the black market, and petty theft by those whose salary didn't cover the cost of black-market goods. Then there was the lack of skills in management and inventory control.

She had no telephone or personal transport. She lived on the 12th floor of an apartment block that usually didn't have a working elevator, and she had two small children to care for. Her husband was frequently sent out of the city by his employer. A young relative stayed with them to help with buying food, and childcare. Often, the role of family domestic is filled by young women in exchange for room or board; thus the advancement of one class of urban women is bought with the labour of another. Besides the long hours at her job and the household responsibilities, this woman also attended night school, usually five nights a week.

If she typifies the over-extended woman, the market trader I met in Inhambane province provides compelling insight into the life of a rural woman. Thirty-five years after her husband's death, she still wore black out of respect for him.

When her husband died, leaving her with a daughter, she became the property of the husband's family as is the custom in Mozambique. Her in-laws wanted her to remarry - to one of her late husband's sons by a previous wife. The idea, akin to incest she felt, was distasteful to her, so she refused.

Lacking support from her in-laws, she

continued on page 18



moved to the provincial capital to become a market trader to support herself. She buys food from producers to re-sell to the townspeople.

FRELIMO, a coalition of nationalist organizations which wrested control of Mozambique from the Portuguese in 1975, has focused on the question of the oppression of women. FRELIMO has challenged fundamental social practices and has slowly begun to change attitudes among the peasantry. This has brought enormous change to the lives of Mozambican women.

In the years before and after independence, FRELIMO told Mozambicans that women had the right and responsibility to be active in the community. Lobolo (bride price), polygamy, initiation rites and other customs around marriage (like child-brides) were condemned by FRELIMO. Such teachings violated traditional practices, but peasants listened and were willing to experiment.

Women became part of local committees, vigilance groups, women's groups, and they took part in the armed struggle before independence. Alongside men, they acted as messengers, as porters to help with the guerrillas' supply lines, and some were trained for and took part in the fighting as part of the Women's Detachment. More than a decade after independence, women still consider the right to speak in public as the most important change brought to their lives by FRELIMO.

By 1980, there were a number of other factors that began to overshadow these accomplishments. Drought came and stayed. Global economic problems lowered the prices Mozambique could get for its products and raised what it had to pay for imports, especially fuel.

A critical change in the political character of the region also occurred in 1980 when South Africa's last ally, Rhodesia, became Zimbabwe. It was unnerving evidence that majority rule could happen to South Africa too. The Pretoria regime had to intensify its campaign to maintain dominance of its neighbors, and the focus was Mozambique which geographically is the only threat to South Africa's monopoly on transport links to the rest of the world.

South Africa has since waged an increasingly destructive war against Mozambique, deliberately playing on the recurring drought and floods and on the social changes pioneered by FRELIMO. This destabilization campaign has taken its toll on everyone and on every sector, but it has been particularly hard on the women of Mozambique.

South Africa's surrogate, the Mozambique

National Resistance (also known as RENAMO), has made food production a target. It has used kidnapping, rape and murder to intimidate the peasantry, and attacks on small groups of peasants often involve severing lips, noses, ears and the breasts of women.

FRELIMO's attack on traditional practices oppressive to women made the state additionally vulnerable. When the MNR talked "politics," it was only to promise a return to traditional ways.

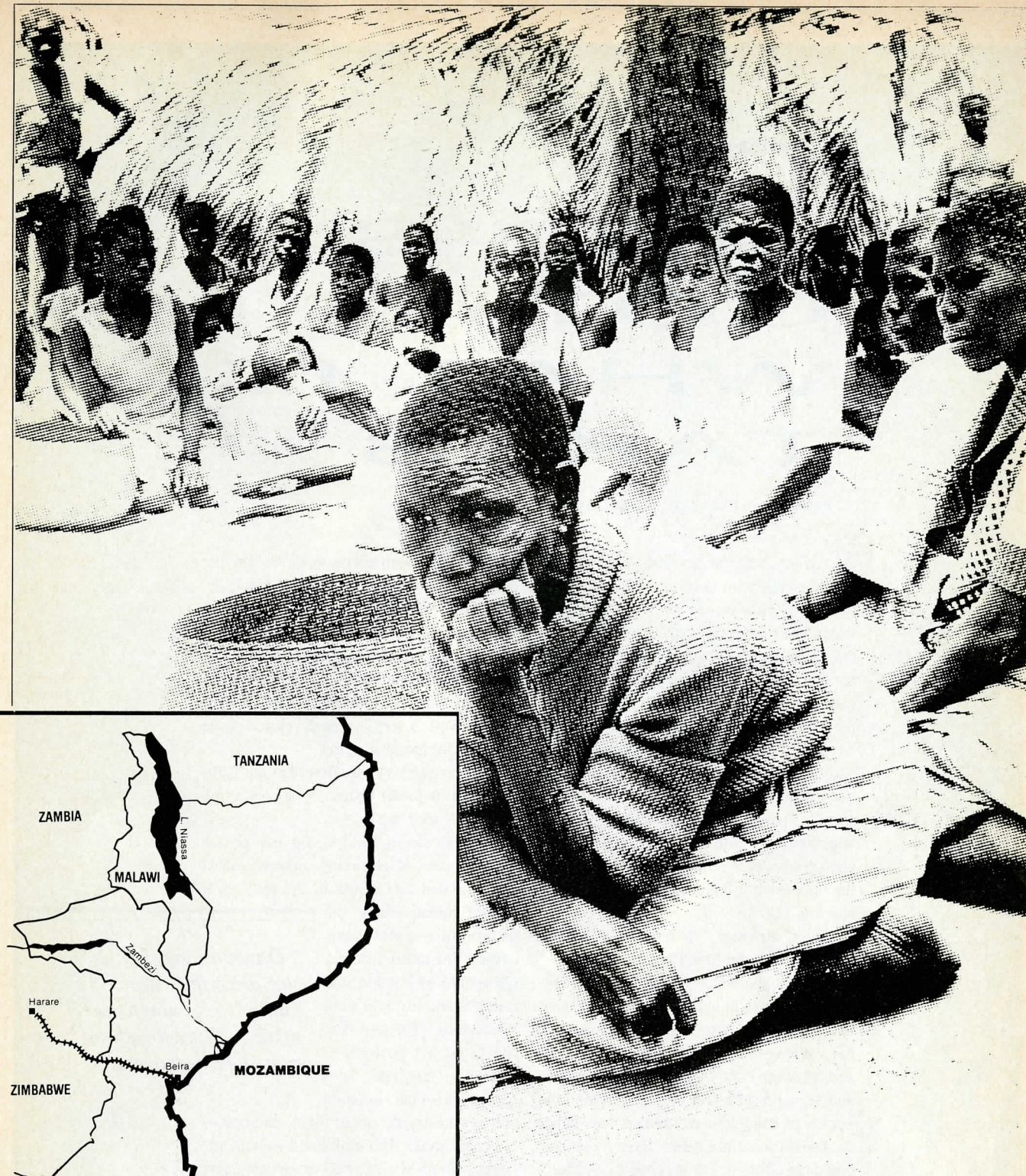
Several years ago, it became evident to FRELIMO that some practices - thought to be in decline - were in fact as active as ever. Instead of open polygamy, men have multiple relationships but the women often don't know about each other. Some urban couples might disdain lobolo, but in rural areas, going to work in the mines of South Africa has become one of the fastest ways of earning enough to buy a wife.

FRELIMO realized it has been too sweeping in its condemnation of all traditional practices and it revived an old idea of a special conference and national debate on social issues. For the next year - despite the dangers of the MNR and the problems of transport and famine - the national women's organization and FRELIMO carried out over 2,000 meetings in villages, factories, towns, schools, and cooperatives in every part of the country. People were encouraged to talk, no matter how critical they might be, and to suggest solutions.

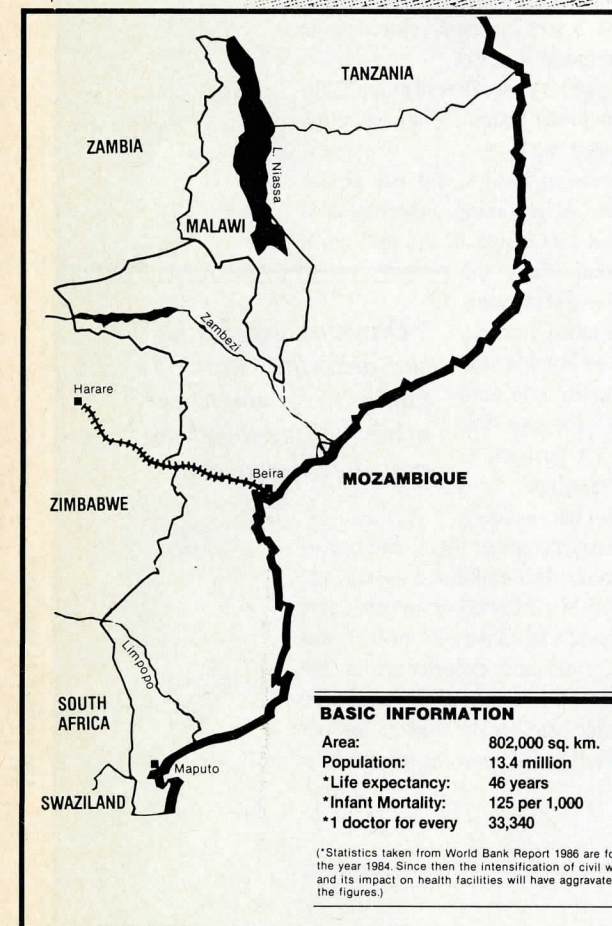
The preparatory meetings for the conference were so far-ranging and vigorous that the national meeting in 1984 was anticlimactic. The value had been in the chance for people to relate their resentments to the Party. FRELIMO, in turn, knew it would have to tread more carefully in its criticisms of traditional life. The conference participants also called for and received government promises of greater support for working women and more educational opportunities.

Given the deteriorating situation, Mozambique no longer makes any pretensions about being able to promote social experiments. South Africa no longer pretends it has any benevolent desire to aid its neighbour's development. All possibilities of positive change in Mozambique or in any of the region's Black states will depend entirely on the abolition of the racist ideology that drives South Africa.

**Lois Browne lived and worked in Mozambique as a journalist from 1980 to 1985.**



An old woman at a refugee centre in Mozambique. Photo: Alirio Chiziane, AIM





# SHE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES

BY MAUREEN ROACH-BROWN

My editor asked the inevitable question after my interview with fashion sales agent Ettie Dawkins. "How was it? What was she like?" I searched for the right adjective to describe the tall, attractive former model, with a taste for finer things, an impeccable sense of etiquette, and ideals she readily agrees some may misinterpret as snobbish. How does one describe a woman who in one breath tells you that escargot, caviar and culibac are a normal part of her diet; that she hardly speaks 'patois,' yet answers a friend's telephone call with a verse of Louise Bennett's poetry, then reminisces with delight on the humble little Jamaican village in which she was born?

"She's different," I responded with a laugh. It was the best I could do then.

Ettie Elizabeth Dawkins was born in Lottery, St. James in a year she does not care to disclose. The last of 12 children born to her working class parents (six died young), she developed early a penchant for fashion and for a lifestyle that was well beyond the pocket of her widowed mother. Her father died when she was a baby. "Even though we could not afford it, I always had a crinoline," she reminisces.

She laughs as she recalls how she cherished her one pair of shoes, the care with which she maintained the pleats in her school uniform and the horror in which she recoil-

ed when faced with having to eat saltfish and the other staples of poor people's diet then. (She does eat saltfish now - prepared gourmet style, or more often, when someone else prepares it). Her happiest days were the ones when her mother bought fresh meat or when she was sick and was treated to soft drinks (pop). It seemed she developed some strange childhood illnesses.

Dawkins giggles as she describes her family's reaction to her tastes. "They loved me and they hated me."

Her interest in fashion did not go far beyond personal grooming, however, until she migrated to Canada in the mid-1960s from England where she had gone to live some years earlier. She hated Toronto. Compared to London, the fashions and lifestyle were "backward," she says. But she could not go back to England. England held memories for her that even now as she speaks about them, she begins to visibly shake. Her childhood sweetheart, Owen, whom she married at an early age, died a year and a half later of cancer. It was a horrible, traumatic experience for the young woman which ultimately demanded that she decide whether she would allow her life and herself to fall apart, or whether she

*"Dawkins giggles as she describes her family's reaction to her tastes. 'They loved me and they hated me..'"*

*continued on page 40*



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WILD



# THIS ARTIST IS A STYLIST

Etheline Joseph's physical size belies her true stature. Diminutive in person, her immense talent, creativity, and disdain for convention in hair design have won her plaudits on both sides of the Atlantic. Now



as a teacher of hair design in Toronto, she passes on her avant-garde techniques and savvy to others.

Vidal Sassoon-trained, Joseph began her career in the U.K., where she migrated as a child from her native Dominica. Under Sas-

soon she spent about seven years, first as an apprentice, then moving through the ranks as stylist, top stylist, and ultimately art director.

"It took me a long time to accept that I was artistic, not academic," Joseph says, "and when I decided to go into hair design I chose Sassoon. He was the best - it was easy to get in, but you had to be good to stay in because at that time Sassoon was at his peak. Besides," she adds, "I had to make it - my friends thought I couldn't and I refused to be a failure."

During the Sassoon years, Etheline Joseph worked on many famous heads - the clientele was mostly very fashionable Londoners such as Mary Quant, the Duchess of Marlborough, Richard Burton and Vanessa Redgrave. At one point she worked on the widow of Nat King Cole.

However, the day came when Joseph realized that she could go no further at Sassoon's. She wanted to design for all types of hair, including Black hair, which she didn't do at Sassoon's.

Consequently, for three years she freelanced on the side working in various Black salons. It was during this period that Etheline Joseph created the style which has drawn worldwide comment, acclaim and admiration. You see, it was she who created the new, free Tina Turner look that graces the jacket of that comeback "Private Dancer" album.

Soon after the Tina Turner photo shoot,

PRODUCED BY:  
RAFAELL CABRERA  
WRITTEN BY:  
VALERIE WINT-BAUER  
AND RAFAELL  
CABRERA  
PHOTOGRAPHS:  
FRANK TOSKEN  
BLACK AND WHITE  
PHOTOS:  
WALTER MELROSE  
HAIR:  
ETHELIN JOSEPH  
MAKE-UP:  
MAC COSMETICS  
STYLING AND SET  
DESIGN: DONALD  
ROBERTSON



## TODAY'S HAIR

*Last year's ideal for manipulated hair is now old hat.*

*Time is best spent on conditioning and keeping hair healthy.*

*The new rule of thumb is the versatile hair-cut -- slightly layered for built-in volume and movement;*

*The one that works best right now is the 'Textured cut'*

**TWO LOOKS - ONE CUT:** *For a look that is close to the head simply brush hair forward while blowing drying. Hair that's not precise has its own relaxed charm - ends 'sawtoothed' not blunt. Hair can be sleek but still full*

*The same cut for evening - Use fingers to loosen hair. A bit of gel or pomade adds texture and curve creating volume and movement*



**J**oseph met Toronto stylist Blair James at a seminar in London. He wanted someone to come to Toronto to do hair design workshops, and so asked her. She originally intended to stay no longer than three months. That was three and a half years ago. Although she returns to London regularly, Etheline Joseph now calls Toronto home.

And it is in Toronto that she has found her niche. As artistic director of the Neotech School of British Hair Design, for three days each week she conducts hands-on workshops with live models, for already-licensed stylists who want to upgrade their skills. She



**THE SCULPTURED CROWN:** *Easy sophistication. Relaxed hair is sculpted with a brush and blow dryer (on low setting) then molded into shape with a little pomade or gel.*

specializes in state-of-the-art cutting techniques from Britain such as crop cutting, chipping, concave, channel and weave cutting, anti-headshaping, and scrunch coloring. For another three days each week, Neotech is a regular hair-dressing salon for privately-booked clients.

Neotech falls under an umbrella organization, The Management Group, which manages several companies including M.A.C. Cosmetics. In addition to hair care and design, Neotech has recently started producing its own line of hair care products, soon to be available across Canada.

"I know the products are good," attests Joseph. "I work closely with the chemists, and I try out each product myself."

Despite her short time in Canada, Etheline Joseph has already made an unmistakable mark on the Toronto fashion map. The hair designs for the award-winning video by fashion designers Comrags at this year's Festival of Canadian Fashion, were hers, as were those for the 1985 benefit Fashion Aid for Africa. She has also done editorials for Teen Generation, Goodlife, Greatlife, Graffiti, Atlantic Insight, Style and Stylists, and Canadian Hairdresser magazines, as well as the Toronto Star and Toronto Sun magazines.

Her philosophy is to look at and treat each person as an individual. Before creating a design, she looks at the whole person, not just their hair, she says. She examines the shape of the head and face, and their relation to the size of the whole body. Her designs are based on simplicity, and for that reason they are based on good cuts. Above all, Etheline Joseph refuses to be a stick-in-the-mud - she loves to try new designs "just for fun." The Neotech salon itself reflects Joseph's philosophy of simplicity and lack of convention -



**Shape!** *It's all in the cut. Hair health, polish comes with a light hand- relaxed, straight and glossy with built-in layers. Sleek but still full.*

*Length is not the issue this season - volume is! Freer hair has shape and volume. Maximum effect - Minimum effort.*



spaciousness - glass and mirrors dominate the room, with its ultra-modern furniture and uncluttered look.

Joseph feels that too many Black hairdressers cater well to only one aspect of their clients' needs - the straightening and processing aspect. When these same clients want a good cut they tend to go to a White salon, she maintains, and wonders why Blacks are not learning the techniques that their White colleagues learn: "There aren't enough Black stylists learning how to do Black hair - curling and straightening alone are not enough."

What is needed in the profession, she says, is greater respect. A lot of girls enter the field

because they have not done well academically, and fall back on hairdressing for lack of anything better to do, expecting very little from it, she says. "Black hairdressers should aspire to be better than they are, no matter how good they are now," says Joseph. "They should train with an establishment that produces the kind of work they'd like to do themselves. And they should approach the profession in a professional manner, not treat it as one lacking in dignity."

Adds Joseph: "I am not a 'Black hairdresser,' although people automatically think I am just because I'm Black. Black is the colour God gave me but my mother made me a person."

Joseph works on clients of all races, with all different types of hair. "If I do things well it's not because I 'owe' it to my race. But if I do things well my race will be enriched."

Ethline Joseph's personal fashion style is very simple, in keeping with her professional philosophy. She washes her hair at least once a week, more often if necessary. Every two and a half months she has it curled by Jackie Rae, a stylist at Neotech. Because she swims often, she protects her hair from the ravages of chlorine by putting on a non-water-soluble protective gel prior to swimming. "It looks awful," she admits, "but I don't care. My hair is protected."

As an artist, Etheline Joseph is influenced the world around her. The vibrant colors of Cezanne, the art of ancient Egypt, the Ontarian countryside, all contribute to shaping her attitude to life. Frequent trips to London, New York, and other major fashion centres inspire the creation of new silhouettes in hair, and further travel is on the agenda: Etheline Joseph tends to spread her influence in hair design to Europe, the Caribbean, and Japan. ■



**MODERN DRAMA:** *Laquered hair pieces layered for movement. The ultimate look for late evening.*



## HAIR DIRECTION

**SEDUCTION:** *Man-made texture with built-in style. Glossy 'raffia-wig' the ultimate in special effects. Should not however replace hair that is not naturally healthy!*



# THE BEAUTY PAGEANT DILEMMA

A necessary  
evil?

BY LEILA HEATH

**I**N SEPTEMBER 1983, VANESSA Williams won the Miss America title. As the first Afro-American to take home that crown, Williams made history. No previous queen had ever caused such a sensation.

Only a month later, "the Vanessa Williams sensation" turned sour. Penthouse magazine ran explicit, nude photographs of the 20-year-old Syracuse University major. That incident outraged pageant organizers and ended up costing Williams her title.

Longtime critics say that "the Vanessa Williams scenario" only confirmed deep-seated doubts about beauty pageants. Furthermore, they argued that her case was a graphic illustration of these pageants' blatant sexism and oblique racism. Many were also convinced that Williams would not have won the title had her skin been darker than it is. Others simply balked at pageant regulations which required contestants to wear skimpy swimsuits and revealing evening gowns but refused them entry if they had a child, were ever married or posed for nude photographs, as Williams had.

After the humiliation and disappointment,

Williams was able to put her life back together again. At 25, the singer-actress is married and has started a family. Whether her win "bent the colour bar" in this coveted pageant or was simply a "blip" in the Miss America legend, only history will tell. Regardless, beauty pageants remain popular "coming out parties" for a certain sector of young women the world over.

As a whole, beauty pageants have come under great public scrutiny. Many oppose them. And some women, especially, have demonstrated their distaste for them loudly and persistently. Yet, and in spite of this, pageants continue to attract eager contestants and fans. In the Metro Toronto area, for example, "Black" beauty pageants are on the upswing. There are at least a dozen annual pageants at present in the city's Black and Caribbean community.

The first city-wide pageants began in the mid-seventies with the euphoric rise of Black cultural nationalism. Essentially, a world-wide phenomenon, it was Afro-Americans who first coined the radical slogan, "Black

*continued on page 30*





is Beautiful." Along with that came Afro hairstyles and identification with African culture.

At first, exclusively "Black" pageants were viewed with suspicion. Weren't they simply absurd imitations of some illusive standard of White beauty? Or, were they as their organizers maintained, a bold statement of racial pride? This argument was certainly as convincing as it was seductive. Creating our own was justified when mainstream pageants seemed bent on ignoring and excluding us.

Sylvia Hamilton is a Black woman who feels that exclusion is hardly a sufficient reason for imitating what was essentially an absurdity. Hamilton strongly opposes beauty pageants, regardless of colour. Says she: "Pageants are extremely sexist. They do nothing but portray women as physical objects. I see no redeeming value in them whatsoever." Naturally, her view is not shared by the pageant organizers.

This summer's Caribana pageant was coordinated by Joan Pierre. "Traditionally," she says, "the pageant has kicked off the annual Caribana festivities." Now in its 20th year, Caribana dates back to Canada's centennial year. And as such, it is the longest running of the lot.

Actually, unlike other pageants within Toronto's Caribbean community, Miss Caribana depends solely on government funds for its survival. All the others, including the 12-year running Miss Black Ontario, rely heavily on donations from private businesses. Some pageant organizers claim they contribute their own funds. But this is difficult to confirm.

"I was hired solely to coordinate the pageant," Pierre explains earnestly. "This year," she continues, "we're trying to change the perspective of pageants within the community. It's not just beauty outside, but an inner beauty...intelligence...talent...what the girls can do with their lives in the future and as Black women growing up in North America." To Joan Pierre, she coordinates a pageant, not a beauty pageant.

It's not hard to see why people like Joan Pierre and the Miss Black Teen Ontario organizer, Michael Van Cooten, would be at loggerheads with people like Hamilton. Van Cooten's pageant is now in its fourth year. He also publishes a weekly newspaper for the Black and Caribbean community called *Pride*, which regularly features photographs of young, aspiring models on its front page.

"It may sound trite," says Van Cooten, "but my intention was to provide young, Black teenage women with a forum to demonstrate their talent, not just their beauty." But Hamilton remains skeptical. "That business about talent is simply an attempt to justify these affairs. Pageants don't present women as capable, but simply as glorified objects."

In a calculated move to "tone down the meat market aspects" of these pageants, Van Cooten tells of the steps he's taken. "We've discontinued the beach and bikiniwear. Now," he calculates, "40 per cent of the points to be earned are based on talent and intelligence." Van Cooten says Miss Black Teen Ontario contestants are judged on their ability to answer an essay question which is reviewed by a university professor.

Ever since public pressure forced pageant organizers to review the practice of quoting contestants' vital statistics, beauty contests have been struggling to shore up their image. Nearly all pageant organizers seem to be on the "image remolding bandwagon," except Bruce James. James and his partner, Junior Taylor, are fourth-year pros of the Miss Toronto-Caribbean Beauty Pageant. Says James simply: "A lot of girls are interested in modelling and our show is a chance for them to show off their stuff." Unlike Van Cooten, James seems almost proud to admit that his contestants do get ample opportunity to show off their vital statistics. There is no talent segment in this pageant.

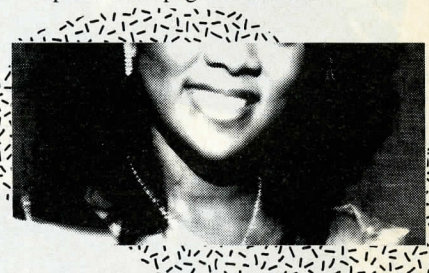
Of this, James says only: "When we put the question to this year's 14 finalists, their decision was unanimous. They wanted the swimwear segment kept in." If there is anything that Bruce James isn't, it is an apologist for his pageant. "Don't think we treat them like meat. The girls come to the show. They keep coming. They know they are attractive and I guess they are not afraid to say this. They want to see who is the best looking and who will win the title." It's his last words that really hit home. "The girls make the show and the day they walk out..."

While no contestant has been known to actually walk out on a pageant, a few Miss Black Ontario winners have probably wished they had.

Take Patricia Balthazar, for example. In 1982, she won the Miss Black Ontario title. Almost a year later she still hadn't received a promised \$1,000 in prize money. Unconvinced by pageant president, Roy Pinnock's excuses, Balthazar took her story to the newspapers. This headline: "Beauty queen keeps crown" appeared in the *Toronto Star*

on November 14, 1983. In that article, Pinnock admitted that Balthazar hadn't received her prize. While he did promise to come up with the outstanding sum, Pinnock told the *Star* he'd had financial problems and had to use \$5,000 of his own funds to pay pageant bills. It was clear Pinnock's woes did not move a disgruntled Balthazar. She stuck to her guns. The reigning queen stubbornly held on to the pageant's jewels as collateral until its officials paid up.

That incident was not an isolated one. A year earlier, Balthazar's predecessor, Rhonda Broadbent, called the same pageant "a complete rip-off." Hardly the kind of comment expected from a pageant queen. Still other media reports have questioned Pinnock's suitability as a chaperone and travelling companion for pageant winners.



At the centre of these scathing and unflattering media reports, Roy Pinnock admits he is both frustrated with, and distrustful of the media. He communicated this much when EXCELLENCE contacted him on two separate occasions requesting an interview. On both occasions he flatly refused. "I have no interest in discussing the pros and cons of Black beauty pageants," he said, adding abruptly: "If you want to know about 'our' pageant, come and see how we run one from the inside."

Negative media coverage and what he termed "unfounded accusations" have dogged Pinnock for years. The evidence comes through in his guardedness and anger. Though he refuses to be interviewed, he's adamant about one thing. "I led the way by bringing this event to this city," he says. "It's cultural development, not a skin show."

Others might find Pinnock's style cocky and abrasive but he has at least one faithful supporter. Fellow pageant organizer, Van Cooten calls Pinnock's effort "one of the most successful, financially." Says Van Cooten, whose Miss Black Teen Ontario pageant broke even for the first time this year, drawing about 450 spectators: "These pageants have to be run like a business."

Pinnock's pageant attracts between 2000 and 2500 each year. Like other pageant organizers, he's been able to do this by delivering what he calls "an event, not a

show," at posh venues like the Royal York Hotel. In past years, pageant winners have been offered incentives like vacations for two at a Caribbean destination of their choice. There has also been cash and other prizes. This year, pageant officials offered the new Miss Black Ontario a brand new car.

Van Cooten admits he has no idea how the large, mainstream pageants function financially. He says he depends on the support of major sponsors. Some pageants provide their contestants with sponsors. Others, like Miss Toronto-Caribbean, expect contestants to find their own. Traditionally, pageant organizers have depended on companies such as Air Canada, BWIA and Air Jamaica to donate airline tickets for pageant winners and chaperones. Increasingly, pageants are offering more appealing incentives. In addition to the usual trips, clothing and jewellery, Miss Black Teen Ontario offers a \$1,000 scholarship and Miss Toronto-Caribbean gives each contestant a six-week modelling and self-improvement course at Eleanor Fulcher, valued at \$800.

Are these incentives enough? EXCELLENCE asked Dr. Mavis Burke, recently appointed to the Ontario Women's Directorate. Off the bat, she says she doesn't believe in beauty pageants. In fact, she says we'd be all better off without them. Yet she says she feels compelled to try and understand why pageants exist and why they are so popular.

"Many Black women have so few opportunities to come to the fore that these pageants must serve a function otherwise not available," suggests Dr. Burke. In her own soft-spoken manner, she recalls what one contestant told her recently: "Whether I win or lose, at least I will get the chance to go to modelling school."

It's that kind of "tangible" opportunity that Mavis Burke refers to when she speaks of those who benefit from beauty pageants. "For hairdressers, fashion designers, make-up artists, and the organizers themselves, the pageants are an opportunity to showcase their skills." Also, she adds, "with the slim market for fashion models and designers finally opening up..." there are the possibilities of more opportunities.

As community program worker at Humewood House in Toronto's west end, Marcia Snape-Walker strongly disagrees with beauty pageants. She continues to oppose them even though the purses appear to be getting bigger and bigger. "I would rather see them push education than offer a car," she says. Snape-Walker, who counsels Black teenage mothers, feels that beauty pageants

and the contestants are both only used for making money by the organizers.

These are serious accusations. But Van Cooten just discounts them as ridiculous. He says if he has risked "media scrutiny and his credibility," it was not for profit, but for the kids. "Many refuse," he argues, "to recognize the contribution these pageants make."

Most pageants in the community expect community businesses, most of them quite small, to bear the financial burden. Van Cooten says most prizes are awarded on a promise from a would-be sponsor. If the company backs out, goes bankrupt or hold back, for any reason, the promised prize, it could prove particularly embarrassing. Van Cooten recalls one such incident where his



pageant's winner threatened legal action if she didn't get a promised trip. The airline, it appears, could not give the ticket at the time the winner wanted to travel, due to its own restrictions. "Believe me, I don't need the aggravation," he says.

It's that kind of unstinting dedication that clouds the issue as to why beauty pageants continue to exist. Cutting through the rhetoric is sometimes difficult but the fact is that race has always been a crucial element in these competitions. It still is, even though the way it is being presented is changing.

Exclusively "Black" pageants have had their share of criticism. Both Whites and Blacks have levelled charges of "reverse racism." Others have simply dismissed the whole pageant enterprise, whether for Whites or Blacks, as a misguided exercise in sexual exploitation - one where White or "light-skinned" women are made to represent the quintessential model of beauty for dark-skinned Black women to emulate.

"Aquiline nose, the shape of the jawline, face, size of lips, eye colour and ultimately, hair and shade of skin, eventually makes Black beauty end up looking White!" is how Sylvia Hamilton sums it up. She also questions the need to have a rigid, pre-determined standard of beauty. She says if the pageant organizers really wanted to help Black women they should have done their homework. "Why didn't they examine standards of beauty that exist among African

women?" she exclaims.

On the question of the race component of the pageants, Monica Willie has mixed feelings. "Yes, it's necessary to have Black pageants," she says. Adding, almost in the same breath, "but, race shouldn't limit us." Willie runs the Miss Canadian-Caribbean pageant, which sends winners to a region-wide competition in Kingston, Jamaica. Admitting that racially exclusive pageants like Miss Black Ontario had done a lot, Willie says the girls who enter her pageant don't want their race to limit them. "They want to get out of that 'Black thing.' They want to compete as members of a community and as people from the Caribbean."

Bruce James agrees. Contestants in his Miss Toronto-Caribbean pageant have apparently been quite candid about competitions like Miss Black Ontario. James says his contestants have told him they aren't interested in entering a "Blacks only" contest. James' conclusion is a point that is hard to argue. "After all," he says matter-of-factly, "there are Whites, Chinese, and East Indians in the Caribbean. The Caribbean isn't only made up of Blacks."

Eva Lloyd finds the trend towards integrating pageants disturbing. She is a race relations consultant with the Ontario Human Rights Commission and an Afro-Jamaican. "I don't feel we should always be so accommodating. We're always forcing ourselves on those who don't want us." Lloyd says other racial groups from the Caribbean rarely feel compelled to integrate their organizations and activities with Blacks. "The message I'm getting is that Black activities must be integrated if they are to be acceptable."

Mavis Burke puts it another way. "That people should find it shocking that exclusively Black beauty pageants exist only reveals how necessary these events are. 'Basically,' she explains, "this trend towards integrating pageants is part of that problem of coming to terms with Blackness."

Beauty pageants may well be bizarre social anachronisms, in an age where sexual equality is the catchphrase. Exclusively Black pageants may no longer be necessary or relevant in an increasingly cosmopolitan and multicultural community. Either way, pageant organizers have shown incredible resilience whether the charge is sexist or racist. They have cleverly and astutely been able to adapt and justify their enterprises. That these pageants continue to exist in the mainstream, and in cultural communities on the periphery, could tell us more about what real gains we've made in the areas of race relations and sexual equality. ■



## LIFE INSURANCE

*Protecting your family, securing your future*

The vast number of Canadians who own life insurance reveals an important national characteristic - we want to control our financial independence while at the same time providing security for our families.

Today, more than 13 million Canadians have life insurance policies. Taking into account the beneficiaries of these plans, it is apparent that life insurance affects all Canadians in one way or another.

We're also avid consumers of life insurance - \$27,000 per individual or roughly \$80,500 per household. After the Japanese and Americans, Canadians are the third most insured people in the world.

What makes this all the more interesting is that the phenomenal growth in life insurance in our country comes at a time when governments have increased social security programs and more members of our workforce are coming under the umbrella of some type of pension plan.

In spite of these trends, an increasing number of Canadians want to set their own financial goals. Life insurance can help them achieve these goals not only through the death benefits with which most consumers are familiar, but also through the other options offered by many life insurance companies. In Canada, 80 per cent of benefits paid are received by living policyholders (usually after retirement); the remaining 20 per cent are payable as death benefits, according to the Life Underwriters Association of Canada.

Thus the function of life insurance is twofold: To protect dependents financially when a family member dies, and to provide a good quality of life for the living, both now and in the future.

At first glance the range of choices in life insurance may seem overwhelming. An initial step in selecting the proper plan for you is to ask: "What do I want the policy to do for me? How much will my beneficiaries require? How long will I need this coverage?"

Determining the exact amount of life insurance protection you need can be a very complex task. This is the area where a life insurance professional can play a very im-

portant role as a financial counsellor.

With a well planned, comprehensive insurance portfolio, you can have funds to cover the following:

- 1) Immediate cash for many of your final expenses; the costs associated with burial and a last illness; possible lawyer's and executor's fees; taxes owed to provincial and federal governments; and outstanding debts such as mortgages, credit card balances and other loans.
- 2) Replacement income for a readjustment period of at least one or two years, while someone else in the family, probably your spouse, is retrained or searches for a job to replace you as the primary income earner.
- 3) A stable income during the family's most vulnerable time, when children are growing up and totally dependent on parental resources.
- 4) Tution fees for college or professional training so that your children acquire valuable tools to enter the work force.
- 5) Income for the years between when your youngest child becomes independent and your spouse, having little or no independent income, reaches retirement age.
- 6) A retirement income for your spouse to supplement government social security and private pension funds.

With all this talk of death benefits, one can easily forget that life insurance is also for the living, providing valuable income for retirement. Numerous parents and grandparents have used the cash values to cover the cost of their children's or grandchildren's education or weddings. And, when children have grown and a family does not require as much financial protection as before, such cash values can be used to purchase an annuity, which provides permanent income for you or your spouse.

A well-trained agent can help you determine the level of life insurance protection you require, bearing in mind your short and long term financial requirements. Ask a friend, relative or business associate to personally recommend a qualified life insurance professional. ■

By JoAnn James



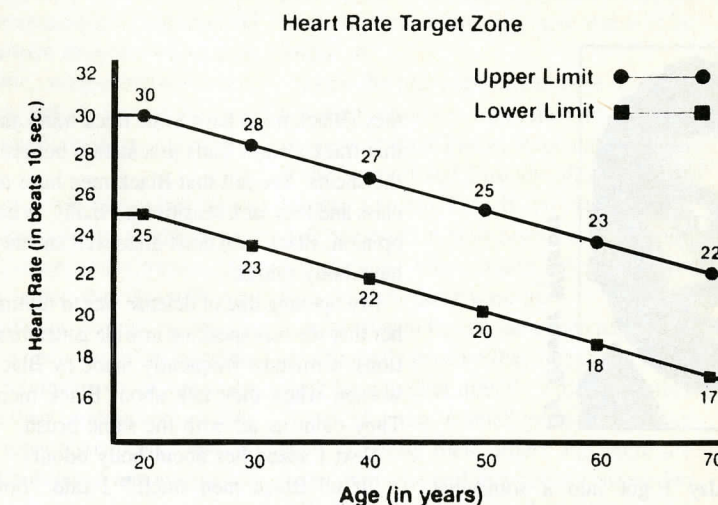
## HEART RATE AND EXERCISE INTENSITY

The heart rate is the best way available at present to monitor and control exercise intensity. Although fairly unsophisticated, it is very accurate in providing basic physiological information about human performance.

To determine if you are exercising at the correct intensity stop your activity momentarily, place the middle three fingers of one hand along the edge of the wrist just below the base of the thumb of the other hand. Take your pulse by counting each beat starting at 0 for 10 seconds, then check the chart (at right) to see if your pulse rate falls within the target zone.

In the beginning, keep your pulse rate near the lower limit. As you become more fit your target heart rate can approach the upper limit. It is important to begin taking your pulse rate within 5 seconds of stopping the exercise since the heart rate will decrease significantly after 15 seconds.

A prominent exercise physiologist has noted that by experiencing some 2000 extra heart beats during a day's exercise session, one can save 10,000 to 30,000 beats over the remainder of the day. Further more, a one-beat saving in the resting or average heart rate translates into 1440 beats/day, or 525,000 beats/year.



## THE FACTS ON FAT

Many people including athletes fear that if they stop exercising, their muscles will turn to fat. Fortunately that does not happen. What may happen is that you may lose muscle and end up storing more fat, but the muscle isn't being "transformed" into fat.

What does happen though, is that when you stop training or exercising regularly your body starts burning muscle for energy instead of fat. Dr. Michael Wolf, exercise physiologist says that while you are losing muscle you may be gaining fat because of inactivity and overeating. It's very easy for the body to store fat and hard to burn it. It takes 30 minutes of continuous exercise before the body will begin to seriously burn down fat stores. As a result of inactivity your body will fulfil its day-to-day energy needs more from muscle than fat. Muscle is not turned into fat, it's just used

for energy.

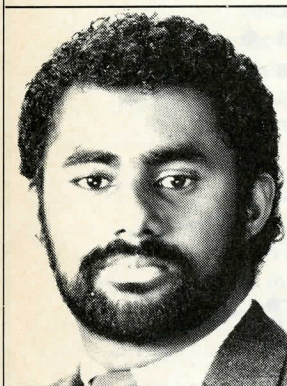
While this occurs in the body something else may be at work to encourage the buildup of fat: Your appetite. Often when we decrease our activity level we don't adjust our eating habits. As a result we eat more calories that we burn. The result: excess weight gain. We can all relate to that story. When we were young and in school or college and actively involved in sports, we looked and felt slim and trim. Several years after finishing school we find ourselves several pounds overweight. More than likely your calorie intake stayed the same or increased while your activity level dropped.

So if you are fairly active now and planning to cut back on your activity level, remember you have to cut back on your calorie intake in order not to gain fat.



## NO MORE BLACK MEN

*She's had enough!*



By Trevor Wilson

The other day I got into a somewhat distressing conversation with a friend of mine. She had finally come to a decision that more and more Black women seem to be making now-a-days. She decided that she would no longer "waste her time" on Black men and would now only go out with men of the Caucasian persuasion.

The decision itself was not revolutionary, in fact as I have already noted, it's becoming quite a common choice for many Black women. What concerned me however, was the calibre of woman we as Black males seemed to be losing. This woman was a prime, Grade A, first choice specimen of the fairer sex. (N.B. Don't let the adjectives fool you. This is not meant as a sexist statement. Women can/should not be compared to pieces of meat. Please no letters!)

In the past when Black women have made this decision I have passively listened to their reasons and could even empathize with some of them. This time however, I fought back. This time I fulfilled my duty as a Black male and tried to change this, not for any personal reasons, mind you, since I have been married for over five years.

Her argument was that Black men never want to take Black women anywhere and that

they (Black men) have a one track mind and that track always leads to a station between the sheets. She felt that Black men have no class and they lack sensitivity. Finally, in her opinion, Black men don't dress well and they have body odour.

My opening line of defense was to remind her that she was speaking in wide generalizations, a mistake frequently made by Black women when they talk about Black men. They paint us all with the same brush.

Next I asked her about body odour.

"If all Black men smell," I said "how come you've been able to tolerate me for the last half hour?"

I felt quite confident since I had used my "Dial" that day and although I wasn't under the "Dome" I was chewing "Clorets."

She admitted that her statements may have been over simplifications but her decision would stand. I pressed on.

"What do you mean Black men have no class and they never take you anywhere?" I asked.

"Have you ever seen a Black man at the symphony or at a play or even a nice restaurant?" She shot back "You can't get them to go!"

This was a very interesting statement. In fact, I had often wondered why there were so few Black people attending events at Roy Thompson Hall and the Royal Alexandra Theatre or even having dinner at Fenton's. The economic argument can only be carried so far. Toronto has a healthy Black middle class which can easily afford the luxuries of this great city. Did she have a point?

Even if she did, I wasn't prepared to concede it. I tried a different angle. I decided to tell her about the first time I attended an event at the Royal Alexandra Theatre and

how embarrassing it was for me.

I explained that I had been wearing a black suit and had been standing in an aisleway waiting for my date. A man approached me and asked me to show him to his seat. He obviously had mistaken me for an usher and when I explained to him that I was a patron and not an employee he was quite apologetic. In fact it was quite an honest mistake because you don't find a lot of Black men in black suits standing in the aisle of Royal Alexandra Theatre unless they are ushers. This incident could have been so embarrassing for me that I could have decided never to return to the theatre again or anywhere else where you don't usually find Black people.

Black people, including Black men, don't like to go to places where they think they don't belong. It may be because we fear something happening like the incident I just described. Also Black people think they don't belong in those places where they don't see other Black people. So it becomes a vicious circle. We don't go to places if we don't see other Black people going and this sends a message to other Black people that this is a place that Black people don't go to and then they don't go.

Black men, like other men in this (still) chauvinistic world, usually decide where the couple will go on a date. More times than not a man will choose to go to a place where he will feel comfortable. He is unlikely to choose a place where someone may unintentionally mistake him for an usher in front of his date or ask him if he is in the right place. This has nothing to do with Black men but has everything to do with human nature.

But does that mean that Black women have to wait until Black men get to the comfort

*continued on page 44*

## THE LAW GETS TOUGH

*Delinquent fathers take note*



By Sandra Whiting

As many as 85 per cent of Ontario's 61,000 support orders filed in family court were in default as at July 1987. In the majority of such cases, the support order involved children.

Ontario has commenced a Support and Custody Enforcement Program which provides for automatic, computerized enforcement of support orders in default, and assistance to parents seeking to enforce custody rights.

"The new program will relieve individuals of the emotional and financial burden of having to start legal enforcement proceedings themselves. It is hoped that this will contribute to a significant decline in present default rates and a decrease in the numbers of single women relying on social assistance to feed and clothe their children because they are not receiving support payments," said Attorney General, Ian Scott on announcing the program.

Usually, this information is aimed at women and they are the ones expected to take action. I felt it would be a good idea to speak directly to the fathers of the children as it seems that too often many deny or refuse to accept the financial responsibilities of raising their offspring.

It might be that since there was no real system in place to catch up with delinquent fathers, they didn't pay too much attention. Some fathers may have started a new relationship and have added other children and new expenses. In some cases the old relationship might have ended so badly that they just want to forget it ever happened and move on with their lives.

There are others too, who believe that the government will take care of the children through Mothers' Allowance, for example, and that they will be very well looked after.

Whatever the reason, it cannot be stressed enough that having children is an expensive proposition and the responsibility of maintaining and supporting them should rest fairly and squarely on the two people who chose to bring them into this world.

It's not enough to want to drive the best

car, eat at the best restaurants, impress the new lady in your life and then claim there just isn't enough left over to pay for the support of your children. If you don't support your children voluntarily, now you will be forced to.

Since the program started there has been a varied response from men involved. I spoke with Sam Lewis, Regional Manager at the Support and Custody office, Central Eastern Ontario Branch. He says that his staff has found in most cases, men don't pay, not because they cannot afford to, but because they don't want to.

According to Lewis, some men have come in voluntarily because they like the fact they don't have to deal directly with the mother of their children. A small group of men have been disputing their orders and there are many men who feel they are not listened to sufficiently by the courts. However, this program cannot change a court order, they can only enforce it so all disputes still have to be settled by the court.

Many Black women have not taken advantage of the new program as in many cases there is an aversion to being in court. There is also the belief that they can manage alone and that they shouldn't have to force their former spouse to care for his child or children.

Since the inception of the program the default rate has dropped to 64.5 per cent. By 1992 it is expected that the new support enforcement program will result in a \$17 million saving to the Ontario taxpayer since that amount will no longer have to be paid out to individuals who should be receiving support payments from a private party.

Support and Custody's Regional Manager, Sam Lewis, who is Black and from Trinidad and Tobago, puts it this way: "I am a father. It is my responsibility to assist in the raising of my children. It is no longer acceptable not to pay. What we are looking for is a change in attitude. In the next decade this type of program should not be necessary."

Let's hope he's proven right. ■



# STAR ON THE RISE

**C**hanteuse, actress, songwriter, recording artiste! At age 34, Cécile Frenette is riding a wave that has not yet crested. The drive and ambition to succeed that fuel this Montreal native, are evident despite the gentle, low-key, often shy facade which she presents to the world. From the moment, when at 18 she approached a band leader for a singing job, Frenette's goal has been to make it in the music world. She is making it.

The story of Cécile Frenette's Cinderella-like rise from inauspicious beginnings through the ranks of the Canadian music industry, has been well-documented. So much so that Frenette shies away from discussing it.

"I used to feel sorry for myself because of all that happened," she says, "but I'm not alone. My story's not that different from other people's stories."

But Cécile Frenette's story is the stuff of which great books, plays, and movies have been made. Deserted by her mother shortly after her birth, she spent her first two months of life in an orphanage in Quebec. Her childhood and youth were spent in five different foster homes, and often she was the only Black child there.

The first home in which she lived until age seven, had perhaps the most positive and

lasting impression. There she met her cherished foster brother, George Thurston, also Black, with whom she lost touch for many years but found again later on through the music industry, for George is also a singer. Today, he and Frenette keep in close touch with each other, and with their foster mother, with whom they have maintained a close relationship. This home, which had such a lasting influence on her life, was French-speaking, so Frenette's first language is French. Later she lived and went to school in an English-speaking environment, so she has emerged fluently bilingual, a distinct advantage in Canada's entertainment industry.

Cécile Frenette's experiences in foster homes varied. In one she was treated as a maid and was expected to do all the household chores. In another, she was more like a younger sister to the foster mother, herself a young mother with small children. The third home, in which she lived for four years, was not too bad at first for her and her Black foster sister. Then the foster mother died, and her husband began to sexually abuse the two girls. Their welfare officer at first would not believe their tales, but when she saw young Cécile's bruises, she eventually understood and moved them.

*"My story's not that different from other people's stories"*

*continued on page 38*

BY VALERIE WINT-BAUER





**A**lthough she had not nurtured any ambition to become a professional singer, as a child Frenette knew that her life would involve singing. She tells the story that she had originally wanted to become a nurse, but that in her mind's eye she saw herself as a "singing nurse for little babies. I didn't want to change their diapers or feed them or anything. I just wanted to sing them to sleep."

A high-school dance she attended at age 18 featuring a band from Ottawa, changed all that. Frenette had heard that the band was looking for a female vocalist, so she spoke to the leader and gave him her name and address. She held out no real expectations, however. To her surprise he contacted her a month later, asking her to audition in Ottawa. Needless to say, she got the job, and quit school to join the band, Allistor.

Over the next few years, Frenette worked with Allistor, and with the Toronto show band, Atlantis, with whom she began to expand her repertoire to include soul, jazz and rhythm-and-blues. She worked and toured with Atlantis for over three years, from Kamloops, B.C. to St. John's, Newfoundland. During those years performers such as James Brown, Aretha Franklin and Tina Turner, strongly influenced the young singer, thus contributing to Frenette's growth as a singer and professional, prompting one of her fans to comment: "I was moved by her voice, by her tenderness and her strength. I finally met her in 1984 when she did **One More Stop on the Freedom Train**, and admired again how easily she could crossover from Blues to pop-funk. She's incredibly versatile."

After she left Atlantis, Frenette launched out with her own jazz and rhythm-and-blues groups and found the transition difficult. She now had to take care of all aspects of her band's activities. "I had to manage everything. I was lifting instruments, loading trucks, and sometimes driving the trucks for hundreds of miles. It's all part of performing," she says.

Cecile Frenette has been acclaimed as a jazz singer -- in particular she is associated with scat singing (a type of improvised jazz singing with nonsense syllables). She at-

tributes her introduction to the world of jazz to the late Martinican pianist Marius Cultier. She has been featured on CBC television *Jazz Alive*, performing with such jazz giants as Mel Torme, Woody Herman and Maynard Ferguson, and at the Ontario Place Forum she performed on the same bill as the unique jazz guitarist Stanley Jordan. However, Frenette says that she does not like to have labels put on her music -- she loves music of all kinds.

Singing was the entree that took Frenette beyond the world of Canada's night club and concert circuit. She has appeared with Isaac Hayes and Anthony Newley in the film **Seemed like a Good Idea at the Time**, and with John Candy in the movie **Find the Lady**. While on tour in Vancouver, she met Alan Thicke (**Growing Pains**) who at the time was putting together his U.S. syndicated show **Thicke of the Night**. He asked if she could be a guest on the show. So in 1984 Frenette found herself amidst the glitter of Los Angeles, working for six exhausting but satisfying months.

As a result of the film and television experience, she has decided to concentrate on improving her considerable acting ability. In 1985 she made her theatrical debut as Mary Ann Shadd, the Black Canadian publisher, in **One More Stop on the Freedom Train**.

"This year I've decided not to be always performing in night clubs," she says. "I want to develop my music and my acting, because acting is the root of all performance." Frenette believes that improving her acting skill will ultimately improve her skills as a singer-entertainer, and has enrolled in a course specializing in acting.

This philosophy is echoed by Frenette's friend, colleague and mentor, Salome Bey. "Theatre prepares the artiste for all other performing arts experiences," says Bey, herself a highly respected and accomplished singer, actress, playwright, and director. "The first time I ever heard her I realized that this was a special talent that could cover all territories -- singing, acting and dance." Bey is currently developing a vehicle for Frenette's talents -- as well as her bilingualism -- the story of Josephine Baker,

"one of the greatest Black singers who took Paris by storm in the earlier years of this century, and who came from a background similar to Cecile's," says Bey.

Frenette had the opportunity to demonstrate both her singing and acting skills in April and May this year when she performed in **Mister Jelly Roll**. This musical biography of jazz pianist Jelly Roll Morton by George Luscombe and Larry Cox, starred Denis Simpson in the title role, with Arlene Duncan, Jackie Richardson and Cecile Frenette as the various women in his life. Theodore Gentry and John Devenish completed the cast. The play gave Frenette ample opportunity to demonstrate her talent in handling the Blues idiom.

This was the first time that Denis Simpson had worked closely with Frenette. "She's so shy," he says. "It's incredible, because what you see on stage is such a powerhouse. But she has tenacity. She's shy and quiet -- but she listens and observes so she learns a lot, until she knows what to do. Then she just goes out and does it."

Playing in productions such as **Mr. Jelly Roll** and **One More Stop on the Freedom Train** has allowed Frenette to discover the heritage of her Black forebears, and to pass on her knowledge to others, particularly Black Canadians like herself, who she feels do not have as strong a sense of self as other nationalities. Her youth in a mainly White milieu was difficult at times, but she finds that as a result she now moves easily between Black, White and other sectors of the society. "I've had to learn Blackness from

watching others," she says. "I missed out on a lot as a child, and so I feel it's important for people with similar backgrounds to educate each other."

The fact that her youth and childhood were difficult, is in fact also a source of strength to Cecile Frenette. She was often told that she would never amount to anything special, and that in itself goaded her on to aim high. She found that she could succeed because she really deep down wanted to succeed -- not just because she wanted to prove somebody else wrong in their assessment of her. So she set herself goals and set out to achieve them.

Of course there were setbacks. Goals sometimes take longer to reach than one might like. But Frenette is not one to be daunted by a setback. There was the time, for example, when she was asked to come to Toronto from Ottawa to work with a band on a recording. "I said yes. I didn't know what I was getting into," she admits. "I had no money and no knowledge. Thank goodness I hit it off with the other female singer." Those were the days of innumerable Kraft dinners.

The two young women lived at first in a hotel paid for by the band, but when the band's money ran out, Frenette decided to leave and find a regular job. "I had no skills. I went to all the clothing stores and no one would hire me. Finally I went to Big Steel where the manager was a saxophone player. He understood." The job lasted six months until she joined Phil Eskins and the Atlantis show band.

The foster home experience has given a dimension to Frenette that Salome Bey feels she does not even realize herself. Says Bey: "That experience brings out certain emotions that we, who have been mercifully blessed to have grown up with both parents, can never fully understand."

An inkling of this dimension is Frenette's involvement with the problems of other people. In 1986 she was closely associated with the Arts Against Apartheid Festival held during the visit of then Bishop, now Archbishop of South Africa, Desmond Tutu. A more striking example of the depth of Frenette's feeling and concern is recalled by a close friend (who wants to remain anonymous). She has a vivid image of Frenette singing in the pouring rain at a Santa Claus parade. Somehow this revelation comes as no surprise -- after all, this is the little girl who wanted to sing to the children. Says she: "Whatever Cecile takes on, she does with the greatest integrity, and does her very best."

As for her private life, Frenette is remarkably secretive. She will say no more than that there is "someone special" in her life, and that she feels very fulfilled in that respect. She believes that one's private life should be just that -- private.

For the future, however, Salome Bey says that the world had better watch out for Cecile Frenette. Her star has begun to shine, and as she perfects her craft as a singer, actress and songwriter, it will shine even more brilliantly. ■

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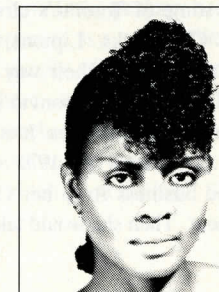
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would pick up the pieces and build again.

She believed Owen would have wanted her to do the latter, so she enrolled in Toronto's Patricia Stevens Finishing School, studying among other subjects, fashion and modelling.

Dawkins gradually built up a modelling career until 1979, when she quit in pursuit of more stable and better-paying work. As a showroom model she used to be fascinated with the supply side of the business. She also used to, on her own, sell customers on the idea of buying particular pieces. "Why can't I do that for myself?" she wondered. Later when she left modelling, Dawkins used contacts she had made with a Montreal firm, Daymour, to convince the firm to allow her to represent it in Toronto. They gambled on her and she did them proud. Using contacts developed while selling Daymour's clothes, she gradually built up the number of companies she represented.

Seated in her simple, tastefully decorated showroom in one of the Ontario Fashion Exhibitors offices in Toronto's King Edward Hotel, Ettie Dawkins discusses her involvement in the area of the fashion business that is rarely entered by Blacks. As a sales agent she represents various importers, manufacturers and designers, by acting as a middle person between them and retail stores. She carries fashions by companies like Caroma, Edwin Birch International and Lee Yongyul.

It is a tough, competitive business, drawing as much on her sense of style, salesmanship and business smarts in choosing the right companies to represent, as it does on her ability to form and utilize contacts that will help her win contracts from reputable companies. Since opening her company in 1979, the profiles of the companies she represents, as well as her volume of sales have improved steadily. Her sales average \$1 million a year. She receives a percentage of those sales, but declines to say how much; she will only say that she is "doing well."

Buyers from some of Toronto's clothing stores, such as Chadwicks, Liptons, Holt Renfrew and Creeds, make their way each season to Ettie Dawkins' showroom to select from her samples of various lines. It is a far cry from the early days in 1979 when Dawkins ran the business from her Oriole Parkway apartment. Then she would take the

six or so samples she had from Daymour, take the bus, or if it was too cold, a cab, and go knocking on doors. (She would have made an appointment earlier by 'cold call,' of course). Now although some of the large department stores have a policy of not going to agents' offices, she has insisted that they come to her's. They have all relented, drawn no doubt by her attractive selection of "better quality" business and special occasion dresses and separates. (Her clothes retail from \$200 to \$700, bridalwear up to \$1,500).

Ettie Dawkins rises to imitate how she demonstrates merchandise to her buyers. She is a personable woman, but one whose clipped accent, straightforward manner and dazzling smile that does little to hide an underlying shrewdness, can easily intimidate the faint of heart. Her strong, powerful stride, reminiscent of her days as a model, helps to cement the image. (It is an image, she insists, that only partially reflects the real her. She says deep down she is merely a homebody who loves her work and loves to entertain, albeit that a brunch or dinner at her house will likely feature the creme de la creme of European, and yes, West Indian dishes, served with flair on her finest china.

She often entertains her buyers. It helps her get to know them personally and it is not bad for public relations either.)

"I can't sell what I wouldn't wear," Dawkins continues. Her brisk, authoritative tone makes one want to listen to all she has to say. With a deft but graceful sweep of her arm, she points to some pieces that, although they are not "her," are nonetheless becoming to a woman of another personality. There are some pieces that a manufacturer may send her that she does not like. She will either put them aside and not show them, or leave it to clients to read her visible lack of enthusiasm in displaying them. Clients usually read her right.

Dawkins opens a closet revealing fall outfits that she has bought for herself, saying she "can't wait to wear them." She has gone a bit overboard, she confesses, but what the heck, in her business looking good is important. I look closely at the colors she has chosen. They are mostly reds, browns, beiges. To my query as to whether such colors do justice to Black skin tone, she

responds readily: "It depends on how you wear them and with what," then follows with an illustration in accessorizing. The lady obviously knows fashion. I conclude that the color could be the worse on earth, but if Ettie Dawkins likes it, she will wear it with the kind of aplomb that is almost guaranteed to draw second glances.

"I normally don't like to talk much about myself," Dawkins says, as the conversation turns to more personal aspects of her life. Several pictures on her wall of a pretty little girl catch my attention. I ask her if the girl is her daughter. The two have the same strong cheekbones and the girl seems to be modelling. Immediately the reserve drops and Ettie Dawkins becomes just another doting mother. The passion of her devotion to her daughter Naomi bubbles up like a stream.

"But I don't let her get away with anything," she laughs with mock sternness, as if to correct any notion that Naomi is spoilt rotten. Six-year-old Naomi is the daughter of Dawkins' brother in Jamaica. Dawkins adopted her when she was 10 months old. "I could talk all day about her," Dawkins gushes. "I'm crazy about her." Naomi models, "but strictly for fun!" She also has her mother's impeccable sense of etiquette and decorum. She has used a knife and fork ever since she could hold them. She has her own taste in fashion and does own a pair of blue jeans. She knows how to order in the most expensive restaurants, but yes, she has been known to insist on having french fries and ketchup with her grilled lobster. After all, she is a child.

Ironically, it is through Dawkins' description of values she instills in her daughter that one gets even a closer look at her own rather interesting personality. For instance, although Dawkins does not go out of her way to make Black friends (she does have friends that are Black), she would think long and hard before marrying inter-racially. For Naomi, having her aunt as her mother, a father in Jamaica and another non-Black father might be too complicated, she says. Naomi already knows the circumstances of her adoption.

But there is another reason. "I still hope to meet a beautiful Black man with whom I can relate," Dawkins laughs. "But I will

not tolerate a man sitting at my table eating my food like he is doing me a favour."

Ettie Dawkins' candor sometimes catches one off guard. She is not afraid to verbalize what others may be content with just thinking. Take for instance her ideas of schooling Naomi. Naomi does not attend school in the Leslie and Sheppard neighbourhood where they live. Her mother drops her off at school in the markedly White middle class neighborhood at Lawrence and Yonge. (Dawkins says there are "unfortunately" very few Blacks in the school, but it is a good school and it is close to where they live). Naomi is also on the waiting list of one of Toronto's most exclusive private schools. Ettie Dawkins insists she is not a snob in wanting her child to have what will amount to be an education among the wealthy.

Dawkins feels she is only living according to the standards she has set for herself since childhood. She is not trying to be someone she is not. She is being herself, a fact, she says, that some people have difficulties dealing with. But she does not feel she has to apologize for being who she is.

As a matter of fact, part of being "her" lies in her desire to become involved in a Black organization in a capacity where she can teach underprivileged children "social graces" and take them on trips to places in the city where they normally would not get a chance to go. She used to do this kind of community work when she was in England. She believes in Black principles. A reproduction of Martin Luther King's 'I have a Dream' graces the entrance to her office. But she has no patience with Blacks who think themselves to be anything but who they are.

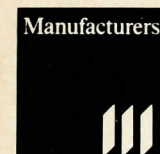
"I know who I am and I know from whence I came. I am very secure in who I am and I don't think I have to walk down Yonge street waving a flag about it."

Despite the ideals she has for herself and her daughter, Dawkins' has a heart for those who have little, perhaps because of her own experiences as a youth. "We were poor," she says simply. "That's why my mother is way up there on a pedestal for me. My mother. My mother. I remember the times she went without so we could have. Nothing I have now is too good for her." She describes her

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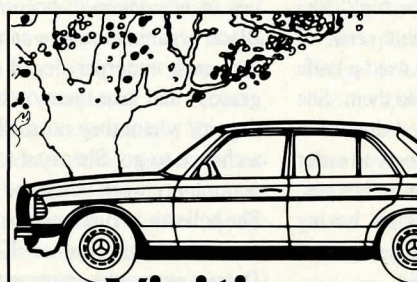
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could include running workshops and providing scholarships.

This mother of two adult children (a daughter aged 23, and a son aged 22) has always been involved in many activities. "My children used to tell me that my life is one long meeting," she laughs. "But I like to be doing something. It's boring when I'm not busy." Consequently, in addition to her numerous community activities, Johnson is a partner in two private businesses; one company creates silk floral arrangements, the other is a catering firm in association with her son. Unfortunately she does not have the time to get as involved with them as she would like. "I don't want to do them just for the money," says Johnson. "They have to be done properly, professionally."

With her concern for other people, her commitment to furthering Caribbean culture in Canada, and her attention to detail, it comes as no surprise that Beverley Johnson feels a commitment to her country of origin, Jamaica. "I feel it's very important to go home. Whatever I am or have become, I came from there. It's very important to me to give back some of that." Her work in Canada within the Black and multi-ethnic community is a continuation of giving back some of what she has gained for herself. She feels strongly that those who have had more opportunities than others, have a responsibility to give of themselves.

Beverley Johnson is what might be called a go-getter. When she sees a task to be done or when an opportunity presents itself, she wastes no time beating around the bush. "In the union," she says, "we have a saying that the union is as good as you make it. I believe that this is true in general if you want something to change, you just have to do something about it."

HUBBARD continued from page 15

usually very accepting. Once or twice she has been treated coldly by adults, bordering on rudeness. "It's unfortunate," she says. "It's simply discrimination in reverse." These rare incidents never deterred her from spreading the word.

In addition to researching, writing and talking about Black history, Lorraine Hubbard produced and directed a 20-minute video on the 200-year history of Blacks in Ontario. A Proud Past -- A Promising Future examines eight periods of history beginning with the introduction of slavery to Upper Canada, up to the contribution of Blacks in

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visits back to Jamaica as "quiet," devoted mostly to spending time with her family.

Her quick smile returns, but she lapses into a sombre mood. Although she can give her child all that she could not have herself, she knows neither of their paths to success is easy. "I teach her never to let the system get her down." She also teaches her to sharpen her mind, in order to deal with the challenges that she will inevitably meet. Like the day Naomi came home wishing she was White. "Why do you want to be White?" Dawkins asked her. She suspected that "something had happened at school that day." Naomi could not or would not say. So Dawkins told her that whenever she can tell her why she wants to be White, she is prepared to discuss why she cannot be. The subject was never raised again.

Ettie Dawkins remembers well her own struggles in establishing herself as a model in Toronto. She will never forget the times she was told that a potential employer already had an "exotic model." Equally indelible in her mind are experiences like the time she worked with an agency that sent her on assignment to a prestigious Toronto clothing store. Although the store knew from her portfolio that she was Black, all the other models were given clothes except her. The fashion coordinator said she wanted blue-eyed blondes.

"I didn't let her see my tears." But she cried from humiliation. To her amazement, when she went back to the office and told her agent, the agent tore up her contract in front of her face. "Why create trouble?" the agent said and walked away. "But I continued to sell myself," Dawkins says. "I wanted to prove to them that they couldn't make me disappear. They could not defeat me. When you succeed, you are a constant reminder to them of their folly."

As owner of her own agency, the sky is the limit for Ettie Dawkins. She seeks constantly to increase her volume of sales by representing good clothing lines that are in great demand. She has had some good years and some bad, especially during the recession when clothes were among the first items dropped from tightened budgets. She came close to losing everything one year she says,

on account of a dishonest partner she had then.

But as she handled disappointment as a model, she does as a sales agent. Then, although she was dying on the inside, she would smile dazzlingly and say "Thank you." She never burned her bridges. She felt she may need them sometime. "I could have the world on my shoulder and you wouldn't know it. You have to look successful to be a success."

The 'successful look' may be helped by her ability to dress in clothing beyond the budget of the average person. But Ettie Dawkins believes in spending her money wisely. She also believes in buying good quality items that last. And she believes in a deal.

"People who know me know what I'm all about," she smiles. The last thing in the world she would like to do is intimidate those around her--except of course those who pose a threat to her success as a businesswoman and as an individual. Run-ins she describes between herself and members of her profession show unmistakably that she is no pushover.

One of the people who know her well is Toronto Star sports columnist Jim Proudfoot, who says they "went out socially" for a while after their meeting in 1972. They have remained friends. According to Proudfoot, "to those who qualify" (i.e. friends), Dawkins' initial image of being "reserved and stand-offish," soon gives way to "that of a very caring person, anxious to do things for other people."

Ironically, according to Proudfoot, the very qualities that make for Dawkins' strength and business success, can also work against her. "One makes life very difficult for oneself, by insisting on very, very high standards for those around them. When people don't display the kind of efficiency, manners, skill etc., Ettie becomes impatient. I suppose these qualities are true of her, but she finds it hard to compromise with others."

Whatever she is dubbed -- a woman of class, social snob or enterprising businesswoman, those around Ettie Dawkins agree on two points: She is good at what she does and has what it takes to be one of Toronto's more successful fashion sales agents.



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continued from page 42

modern Canada. She was also involved in the production of "Hallelujah Ontario," a play portraying the growth and development of Ontario's Black community.

Nowadays, Lorraine Hubbard is not as active in the society as she would wish. For she is now an entrepreneur. With partner (and fiancé) Carlton Watson, she runs Buddy Bike Inc. The "buddy bike" is a unique bicycle built for two, which allows the riders to sit side-by-side. "I always wanted to get into business," says Hubbard. "My father had his own business, so did my grandfather."

Any extra-curricular time Hubbard has is spent doing "lots of volunteer work" which she loves, and bicycle riding. Actually, the latter combines with business, for she and her partner help to promote their product by riding it.

Lorraine Hubbard and her colleagues in the Ontario Black History Society have made an invaluable contribution to the Black community. Most Black history is oral and has never been written down. The OBHS has understood that we have to learn from our history if we are to understand ourselves and progress, and that a recorded history is necessary to that process. ■

NO MORE BLACK MEN continued from page 34

level where they may buy a ticket to the Royal Alexandra Theatre? No.

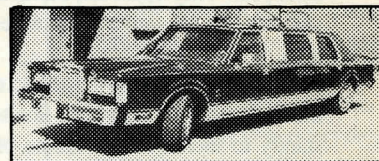
Black women should go, buy the ticket and take the man. Show him there is nothing to fear and in fact the experience could be very enjoyable. My incident at the Royal Alexandra was embarrassing but it wasn't enough to spoil my evening and keep me away from the theatre because I enjoyed the play.

Now I can't guarantee that every Black man will like the theatre, the symphony or a four star restaurant but I can guarantee that some Black men will. We are no different to anyone else. If you took

a bus load of 100 White men and a bus load of 100 Black men and sent them to the ballet, the symphony and dinner at Masaniello's; 40 per cent of each bus would enjoy the experience and would want to do it again. In fact, some of them may even go and buy tickets or make reservations for these new-found forms of entertainment. The experience has to begin somewhere so why not with Black woman taking the initiative instead of the defensive.

As I said to my lady friend: The ball is in your court, or more appropriately - You're in the driver's seat - busdriver. ■

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## WHAT WAS SAID

### Trust time to take care of things

A human being is only interesting if he's in contact with himself. I learned you have to trust yourself, be what you are, and do what you ought to do the way you should do it. You have got to discover you, what you do, and trust it.

-Barbra Streisand

One can always trust in time; insert a wedge of time, and nearly everything straightens itself out.

-Norman Douglas

Whatever you are by nature, keep to it; never desert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed.

-Sydney Smith

Distract your mind when you're under pressure. Do something frivolous, non-stressful and unrelated to "real life," watch an old movie on TV, play with your dog (or your children), do a crossword puzzle, take a long swim.

-Sharon Gold

By asking for the impossible obtain the best possible.

-Italian proverb

Never give in! Never, never, never, never, never, never. In nothing great or small, large or petty -- never give in except to convictions of honor and good sense.

-Sir Winston Churchill

Risk! Risk anything! Care no more for the opinion of others, for those voices. Do the hardest thing on earth for you. Act for yourself. Face the truth.

-Katherine Mansfield

Never open the door to a lesser evil, for other and greater ones invariably slink in after it.

-Baltasar Gracian

To accomplish great things, we must dream as well as act.

-Anatole France

This is our purpose: To make as meaningful as possible this life that has been bestowed upon us; to live in such a way that we may be proud of ourselves, to act in such a way that some part of us lives on.

-Oswald Spengler

Always laugh when you can. It is cheap medicine.

-Lord Byron

Before we set our hearts too much upon anything, let us examine how happy those are who already possess it.

-Francois de la Rochefoucauld

Here's my Golden Rule for a tarnished age: Be fair with others, but then keep after them until they're fair with you.

-Alan Alda

Wheresoever you go, go with all your heart.

-Confucian proverb

You can stroke people with words.

-F. Scott Fitzgerald

There are never 10 ways to do something. Only one. That is a question of morality. You have to be true to yourself and others.

-Jeanne Moreau

Where the willingness is great, the difficulties cannot be great.

-Niccolò Machiavelli

The thing of which I have most fear is fear.

-Montaigne

Ride on! Rough-shod if need be, smooth-shod if that wil do, but ride on!

Ride on over all obstacles, and win the race!

-Charles Dickens

Don't laugh at a youth for his affectations; he is only trying on one face after another to find his own.

-Logan Pearsall Smith

There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval.

-George Santayana

Injustice anywhere is a threat to future anywhere.

-Martin Luther King

Wit has truth in it; wisecracking is simply calisthenics with words.

-Dorothy Parker

There are two cardinal sins from which all others spring: impatience and laziness.

-Franz Kafka

We can't have a whole relationship if you or I give only part of ourselves.

-Paul Liebau

Just for today do not worry

Just for today do not anger

Earn your living honestly

Honour your parents teachers and elders

Show gratitude to every living thing

-Anon. (Japanese)

God go between you and harm in all the empty places you walk.

-Egyptian proverb



## MAKE COURTESY A PRIORITY

The word manners, is defined in Webster's Collegiate dictionary as "social conduct or rules of conduct as shown in the prevalent customs."

What that means to me is that manners is the grease that keeps us civil with each other, and gives us the ability to deal politely with those with whom we disagree.

It's being able to listen to a bore without hurting his or her feelings.

It's saying please and thank you when we are being served by others.

It's remembering to write a thank you note for a gift or for a favour.

It's letting the other driver through without losing your cool.

It's learning to treat each and every person as worthy of respect.

All these attributes seem to have become very old fashioned these days judging by the general lack of respect and courtesy with which we now deal with each other in our daily lives. It sure makes for a more stressful environment.

Recently I was asked by someone why it was that Jamaicans in particular are so aggressive?

I thought awhile about this and while I would like to have responded that the word to use is assertive, it is quite true that too many of us get our backs up much too easily and are ready to start World War III over something that could usually be resolved with quiet diplomacy.

This is true, I think, of people from all the Caribbean islands and in so many ways the willingness for Jamaicans to get involved at whatever the cost has been beneficial for us all.

But the casual use of offensive language when we disagree with each other, the need to scream at the top of our voices about what we do not like is not an endearing trait.

We need to remember the lessons we learned when we were young. It is not subservient to learn to deal politely with each other, it's just plain common sense. It makes life run a lot smoother and in the long run could even help our own blood pressure. So remember good manners always stands you in good stead.

**Sandra Whiting** Managing Editor

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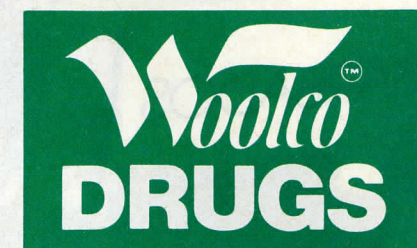
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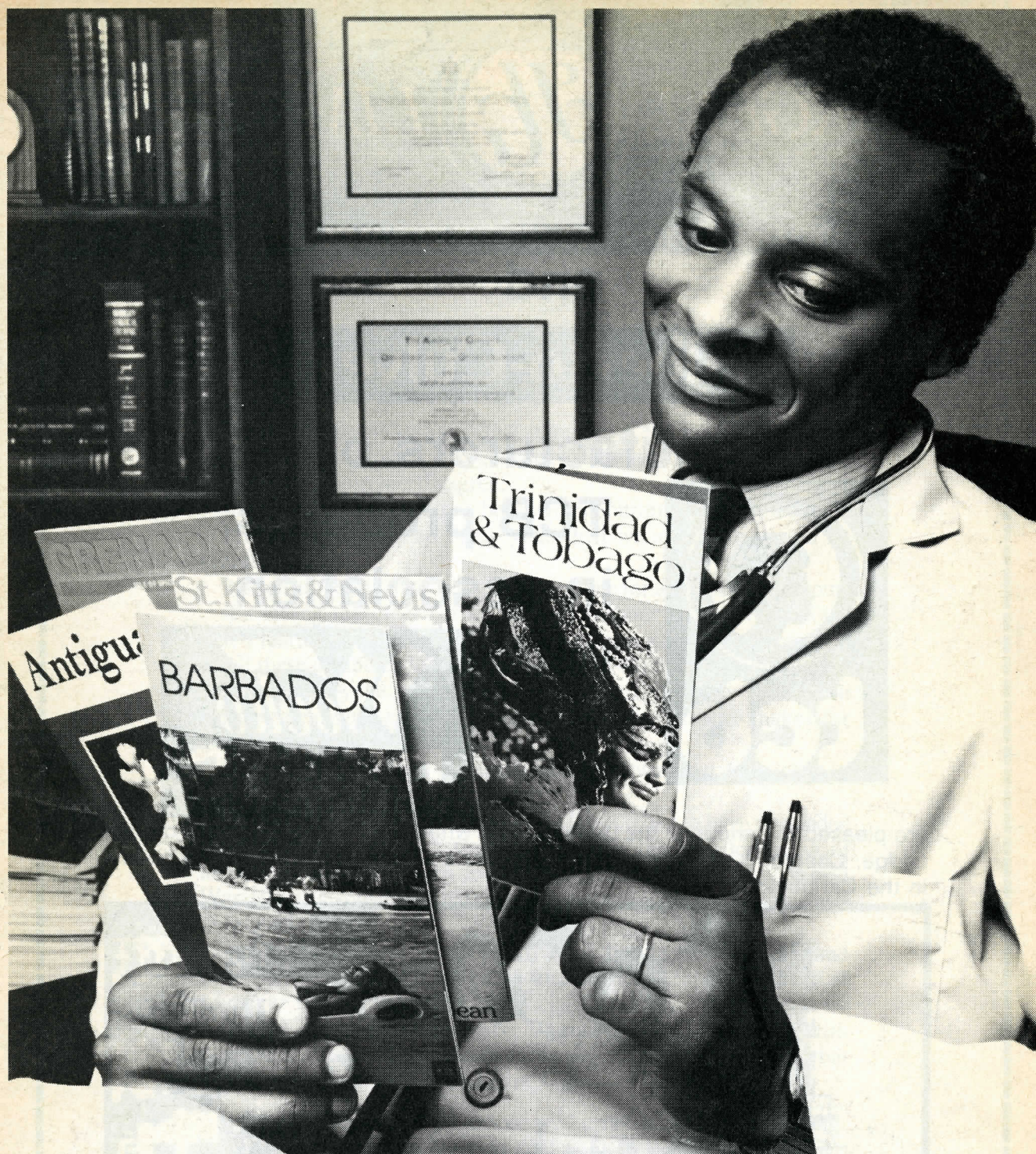


are pleased to announce the donation of a wheelchair to the Pride of Toronto Lodge, Chapter 12, to assist in the Chapter's wheelchair drive for the needy in the Caribbean.



**WHEELCHAIR DONATED:** Linda Gellman, (second from right) vice-president of Hargell Limited, distributors of Black beauty products across Canada, hands over the second in a series of wheelchairs to the Pride of Toronto Chapter 12. Accepting on behalf of the lodge are (from left) Ida Brown, Myrtle Campbell, and Lloyd Seivright.





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